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JANUARY 15

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# VOGUE

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## JANUARY 15, 1958

**COVER** Remaking yourself—first impression:  
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a synchronized make-up  
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puts the face in a new light  
that's not a searchlight.  
The lipstick shade here, Florida Red;  
charcoal mascara and eyebrow pencil,  
blue-grey eye shadow.  
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KAREN RADKAI

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Please see page 116 for additional Store Listings

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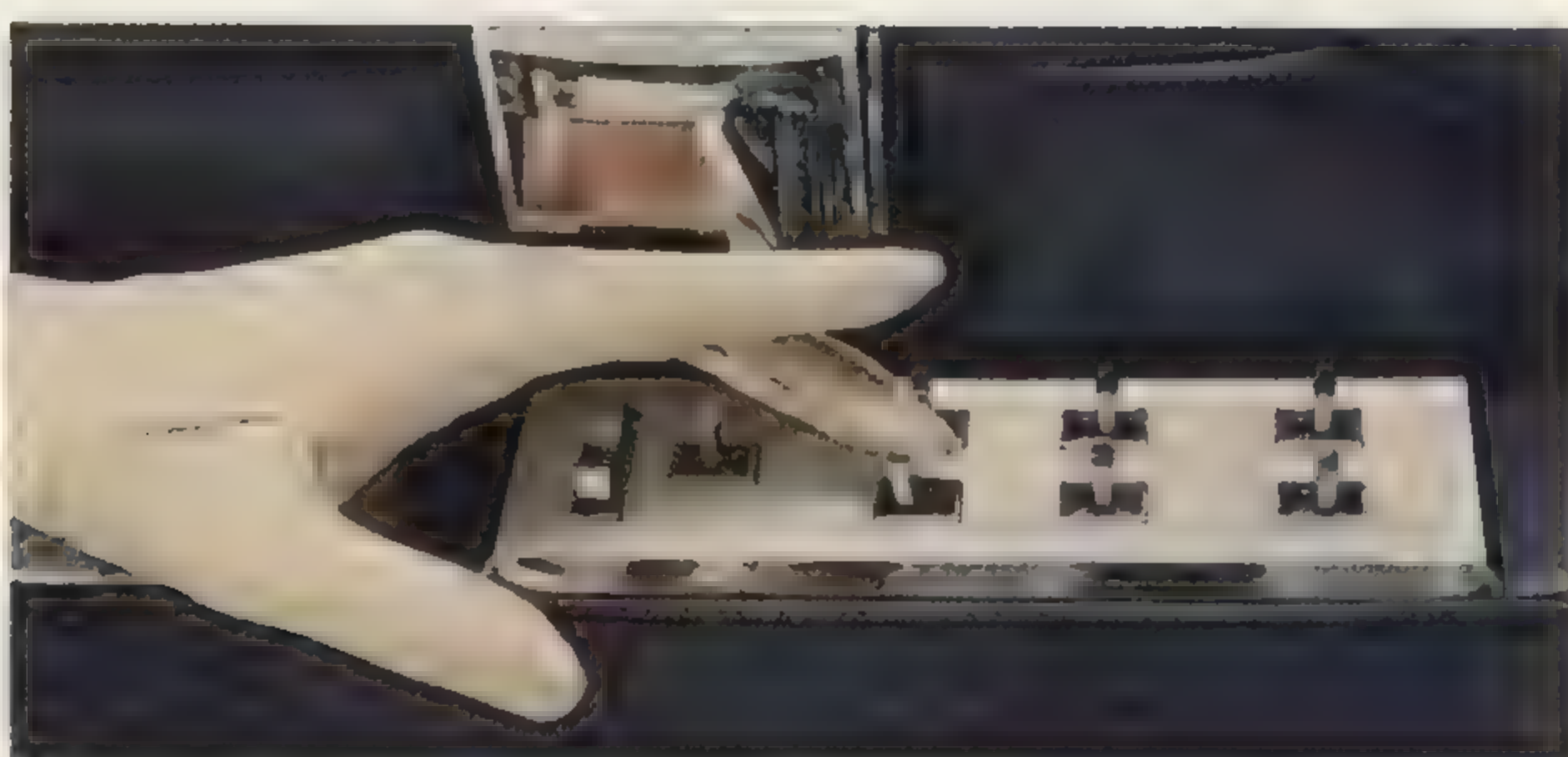


The Continental Mark III Landau (shown above and at left)—one of *four* new Mark III models. *Right:* Two pieces, one pure fashion line: the Traina-Norell line that's full to the hips, narrowed to a slender flow of skirt. The flowering here: inspired by the paintings of Derain and interpreted by Staron in crêpe de Chine.





The Continental Mark III Convertible. Not even the "boot" breaks the pure fashion line. *Right:* Pure classic beauty with unexpected dazzle: a slender dress with the great fashion wit of a full-blown parachute: held at the shoulder and the hemline. *Far Right:* Another brilliant new expression of pure fashion: the skirt banded at a new length, the line marks the waist in front and flows straight in back. Both prints: a new translation of the Poiret rose by Staron.



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## TRAINA-NORELL

*Left:* Proving that a straight line can be the purest fashion line of all: the classic short evening dress, about to flower—and dance—southward. With easy, offhand elegance: a swath of print to tie loosely at the neck. Again, the paintings of Derain inspired the print. The Traina-Norell clothes on these pages may be found at:

Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's Oval Room; Julius Garfinckel; Goldring's; Jenny Co.; Montaldo's; Rich's; John Wanamaker; Woolf Brothers. You are cordially invited to see the incomparable Mark III now in Continental showrooms all across the nation.





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Izod tailors cottons with a silken touch  
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# Hard education or soft?

BY SEYMOUR ST. JOHN

"It is a paradoxical but profoundly true and important principle of life that the most likely way to reach a goal is to be aiming not at that goal itself but at some more ambitious goal beyond it." Arnold Toynbee: *Civilization on Trial*.

What do we really want for our children? Do we aim to prepare them for a life of unsuspecting content, well adapted to a comfortable living in suburban Los Angeles or Chicago, Detroit or New York? Do we fall into that group of people who say, "I just want my children to be happy"—and by "happy" mean the protection from struggle, from hurt, from feeling the burden of responsibility for the things in our own society and throughout the world that are less right than they ought to be? Ironically, many who want for their offspring this road of ease, this path back to the jellyfish, are those who themselves have fought to the top the hard way; who have gained their own strength of character as well as success by meeting and overcoming life's hazards, and who are determined that their children's lot will be a pleasanter one. They overlook the fact they are robbing their children of their greatest heritage: the necessity to struggle and so to grow strong.

The alternative choice for our sons and daughters is the steeper path to the more distant goal. Here we seek for them happiness rather as a by-product, the result of giving to a cause their blood, toil, tears, and sweat. It is on behalf of those who have the will, the stamina, the faith to reach toward such a goal that these questions are put to education: Are our schools really preparing our boys and girls for a strong, contributing life—in their community, in their country, in their world? Is American education sensitive to the qualities that this nation must cultivate if it is to remain a milieu in which our children's children can continue to grow and work and play and be

happy in the deepest sense of the word?

In an interview, published in the *U. S. News & World Report*, Major William E. Mayer, a United States Army psychiatrist said:

"Our weaknesses can be boiled down to three main lacks that ought to be basic in our education: discipline, responsibility, and sure values. . . .

"I feel that our education must be directed first and continuously not just at the goal of becoming a happy person in a comfortable country, but at becoming an active, responsible, participating member of this free society. Just being well adjusted so that you can have a wonderful time in our comfortable country simply isn't enough."

Here then is the challenge. What are we going to do about it? How shall we gird our loins to prepare us better to meet the demands of our day? My answer, my hope for America, resides in this: hard as opposed to soft education. Soft education is exemplified by those twin agents of the devil, adjustment and security, whose spawn are the termites of American moral vigour. Here lie weakness, irresponsibility, basic selfishness. Hard education on the other hand might be likened to the training of a boxer. He does not go to his training camp for the immediate pleasure to be derived from it, but for the eventual goal to be attained. He subordinates the present to the future, he disciplines himself, learns his art, surrounds himself with trainers and sparring partners who will condition him for the combat. Here lie strength and hope.

In what ways can we give hard education to our country's youth? Once again I return to the three greatest needs: discipline, responsibility, basic values.

Discipline is developed through exciting, high-standard work. We owe this to every American child. And yet it is an educational impossibility to hold children up to their best standards

when the able are thrown together in a class with the less able. Any doctor knows that people are not biologically equal; any teacher knows they are not mentally equal; any priest, that they are not spiritually equal. So without for a minute losing sight of the fact that each child is equally valuable in the eyes of God, we have a clear obligation to provide special facilities for the gifted, as we have to provide special facilities for the handicapped. Astonishingly enough, there is real opposition to such thinking. Not long ago some members of a school board wanted to set up a public school for especially capable children, giving entrance examinations, and insisting on good standing for continued enrollment. But the plan was overwhelmingly voted down by the city fathers as "undemocratic." This is the soft thinking that we must overcome. For only so can we offer our students the standard we owe them; only so can we benefit not alone the gifted, but every individual in the nation; only so can we compete with other ideologies, with countries which will spare no effort to prepare their youth to the highest degree—to combat ours.

The second quality in hard education is personal responsibility through an understanding of our obligations to the community, the country, the world in which we live. The educational opportunities toward this goal lie in teaching the inestimable worth of our freedom and of all the sacrifice that has led up to it; in giving our students an understanding of our society and its relationship to other societies so that these young people may one day be competent to render constructive criticism, balanced judgment, effective action; and, finally, in putting to work in the school community the principles of free man's responsibility for his society.

How much responsibility do our sons and daughters feel, both within their school walls and in their outside life? No school

has solved this problem completely. But much more can be done. For example, there are schools that reject an honour code administered by the students because, "It would not work at the secondary school level." If they mean it won't result in perfection, of course they are right. And yet a code backed by the respected members of a school has a tremendous influence for good upon those whose values are not yet wholly formed. It is one thing to try to beat a teacher at a game; it is another to buck the moral sanctions of one's own group. To put in the hands of boys and girls the administration of such a code is one of the surest ways to develop in them a feeling of *their* responsibility.

Finally, values: a working morality. Major Mayer points out, "It can't be overemphasized that actually *staying alive*"—as an individual and as a country—"depends upon adherence to those basic principles of character development which Americans have always held in highest esteem . . . personal honesty, personal loyalty, a belief in higher values than one's immediate welfare or one's immediate gain." The men in Korea who remained loyal to their families, their comrades, their country, were those who were loyal to their values, their God; those who had "an active, working, practical, meaningful moral code of their own."

How is such a code transmitted? Mainly through an atmosphere and an environment that is touched by men and women who believe in and live by such values—parents, teachers, friends; through the kind of example that makes first for loyalty to individuals, and then, gradually, maturely, to the standards by which they live. In the words of William James, this passes "from individual to individual like the process of osmosis or like the capillary oozing of water." A Yale graduate writes: "It is extremely un-

(Continued on page 38)





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• **Her separates by Haymaker.** Overblouse, about \$17. Pleated skirt, about \$17. Blue, yellow, white. Sizes 8 to 16. At B. Altman & Co., New York; Julius Garfunkel, Washington; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Burdine's, Miami; I. Magnin & Co., Calif. & Seattle.

• **His sportswear by Izod of London.** Slacks, about \$15. White, red, maize, tan, blue; 30 to 44. Shirt, Arnel and nylon knitted by Cohama, about \$11.50. Tan, blue, red, white. S-M-L-XL. At Broadstreet's N. Y.; Jack Henry, Kansas City; Charles J. Assmann, Omaha; The Fair, Fort Worth; Bullocks Downtown, Los Angeles. Celanese Corporation of America, N. Y. 16.

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**PRINTED PATTERN**

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**PRINTED PATTERN**

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**ADVANCE** 8263  
**PRINTED PATTERN**

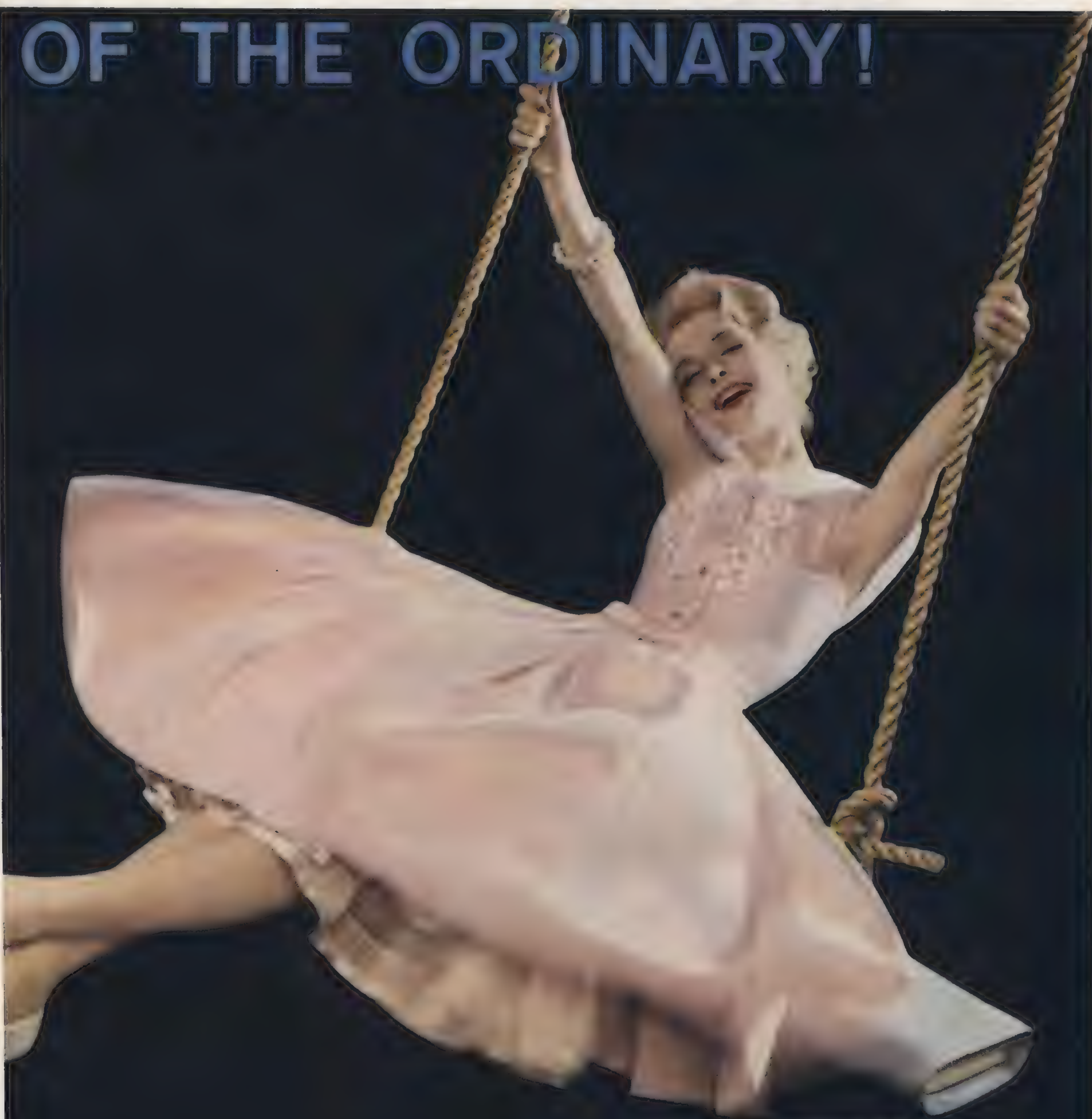
A graceful slim dress, worth its weight in compliments—specially in crease-resistant butcher rayon threaded with Golden MYLAR® for a Midas look! ADVANCE printed pattern #8263, cut for misses in sizes 12-20.

**ADVANCE** 8575  
**PRINTED PATTERN**

Here's what a success-dress looks like in the wearing! Waist-whittling torso dress, ADVANCE printed pattern #8575, made up in woven-striped chambray with MYLAR® for that exciting glint of gold! 10-18, 11-15.



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Therefore, in your fashionable haste to have this remarkable performance, be sure to ask for the dresses shown here. Look for them at fine stores everywhere, or write L'Aiglon, 1350 Broadway, New York, N.Y., for the store nearest you.

\*In modern-type dryers: use wash-and-wear setting, run complete cycle and remove dress immediately. For many older-type dryers: use "medium" or "low" setting (150° F — 160° F), run 25 minutes, remove dress immediately and let cool on hanger at room temperature.

L'AIGLON designs the first automatic wash and wear dresses in a beautiful blend of 65% "Dacron" and 35% rayon. (Left) The Costume Complete, camisole dress with its own cropped jacket, lacy touches. Blue, navy or beige. About \$25. (Right) The Cardigan Dress, with pleated skirt. Beige, blue or pink. About \$23. Both in sizes 8-20. Jewelry by Eugene.

**DACRON\*\* ORLON\*\*\* NYLON**

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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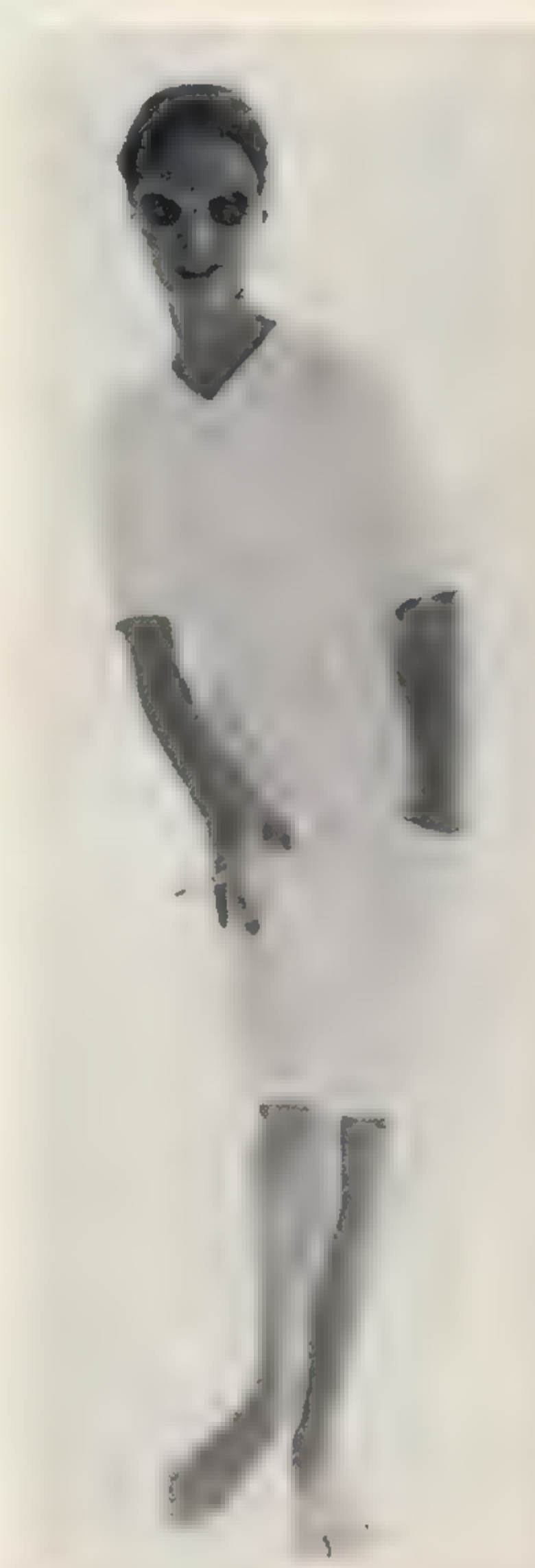
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JOHN STEWART

## Beach coverage: two ways



Quick coverage, above:  
a sheath bathing suit  
knitted in clear red  
with the pattern—  
a figure-diminishing one—  
woven in.

(For other ways figures  
are diminishing now,  
see pages 64-66  
of this issue.)

By Robby Len of knitted  
Helanca nylon yarn;  
\$15. At Best's.

Below, smart way to take  
cover—a long beach jacket  
that has giant pockets,  
short sleeves, and  
good absorbent qualities  
over a wet suit—  
it's made of white  
Cannon terry cloth.  
By Gertrude Davenport,  
\$11. Saks Fifth Avenue.  
Sunglasses at Purdy.

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Please see page 116 for additional Store Listings

VOGUE incorporating Vanity Fair



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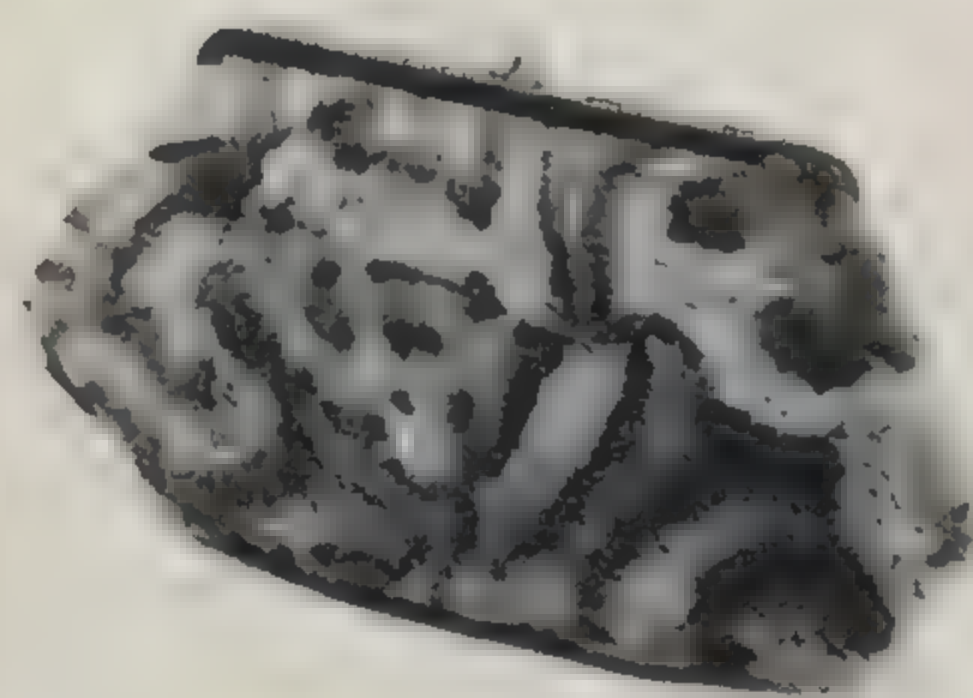
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# HARD EDUCATION OR SOFT?

(Continued from page 24)

fortunate that many men of real wisdom and feeling are serene in a mistaken belief that the younger generation will safely work out its own salvation. We look to older people more than we are willing to admit, and though we reject advice, we profit by example. Only one man among the nineteen under whom I studied at Yale ever really opened his heart in a class and showed me the stuff of his convictions; to that man I feel a personal debt that I can not begin to estimate." In education, the closeness of students to a good and great man or woman is the finest we can offer our children.

Hard as opposed to soft education; discipline as opposed to license; responsibility as opposed to self-centredness; principle as opposed to expediency. These words are demanding, unequivocal—and inspiring.

When we say we want our children to be happy, will we mean happy-adapted-irresponsible-secure, as happy as a cow in its grassy field; or will we mean happy-courageous-responsible-inspired, leading harder lives, but with a spark of the divine about them?

Younger and older generation, public and independent school, community and country, we shall stand or fall together. And that survival or that death will depend on what we insist upon in the education of our American youth. It is my profound conviction that only by choosing the steeper way to the farther goal can we gain strength from the past, character in the present, and faith in a strong and idealistic—happy—America in the future.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. St. John, the headmaster of the famous Choate School at Wallingford, Connecticut, is deep in various educational associations, including the Yale Alumni Board, the Virginia Theological Seminary Alumni Board, and the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of which he is vice-president. During World War II, as a Lieutenant Commander, he was Assistant to the Deputy Commander, U. S. Naval Forces in Germany.



Good buy—  
bloused top,  
short shorts

A shirt and shorts that look as much at home on the beach as coral sand—priced well under the high-tide mark. Shirt, a bloused top in pink-and-white striped Dan River cotton, with a wide (almost Able Seaman) collar; shorts (quite short), in solid-pink cotton. By Queen Casuals. Blouse, \$7; shorts, \$6. Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop.

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The thread of the story is LUREX



LUREX® BRINGS A NEW WORLD OF COLOR...to fashions that flash through the water and glow in the sun. Among the designers who respond to the versatility of Lurex is Tina Leser who sculpts a swim suit in Heller jersey double-knit of Orlon, wool and Lastex with Multicolor Lurex in gold-with-silver. At Bonwit Teller, all stores; Montaldo's. Lurex, non-tarnishing metallic yarn made only by *The Dobeckmun Company, A Division of The Dow Chemical Company, Cleveland • New York • London*





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SOUTH TO SUMMER:

## Fair-weather plans for men



1



2



4



3



5

JOHN STEWART

New good looks for men: two jackets that could be the next resort classics; new whitening in clothes for beach and near-beach.

1. The newest blazer—an unusually packable one in French wool jersey, with blue and charcoal herringbone pattern knitted in. It has brass buttons, a foulard lining; looks newest when the slacks are white flannels, as here. Jacket by Baker; about \$80. Ready at De Pinna; Neiman-Marcus.

2. Big news for 1958, the cotton sports jacket in authentic batik print. This one, diamond-patterned in brown and navy blue. By Gordon of Philadelphia. About \$35 at Whitehouse & Hardy; Burdine's; I. Magnin.

3. New eye-appeal—these sunglasses with heavier, curved frames of tortoise-coloured plastique, green Calobar lenses, a leather case. \$15 at Belz Opticians.

4. White cashmere sweater-shirt with collar, buttons. By Bernhard Altmann, \$40. The slacks, white Arnel-and-rayon flannel, by G. W. Heller, \$23. Both at Dobbs.

5. White-grounded sailing shirt, checked in red and black (\$17); white flannel swimming trunks—their length, the newest length: short (\$15). Both by Gantner, of Viyella flannel; at Tripler; George Stinchfield. 6. Sun colour without burning, provided by Sun Tan Lotion by Arden for Men. \$1.50 plus tax: Altman's.



6





*Slit-knit in Orlon by Gantner of California. About \$20. Photographed at Round Hill, Jamaica.*

## Gantner thinks of a bathing suit as a cosmetic

**T**HIS is the girl in the Gantner bathing suit. She *feels* even more beautiful than her reflection. And so she should.

Gantner thinks of a bathing suit as a cosmetic. It should do as much for your ego as it does for your looks.

Where your figure calls for a lift, Gantner

*lifts*. Where control is needed, Gantner gently *persuades*. And even after swimming, a Gantner bathing suit stays put. It never demands that appalling gesture—the tug-up and the tug-down.

Slip into a shapely Gantner *knit*. How marvelous you look in that critical rear mirror! And did you know that Gantner yarns have their whiskers

whisked off before knitting? Hence, no *tickle*.

Gantner has seventy-two styles of bathing suit. Some sculptural like the one in the picture. Some with coats or skirts. Some just beautiful nonsense.

Go to the best store you know or drop a postcard to Gantner of California, San Francisco 3. In New York, call WIsconsin 7-0987.





FRENCH CALENDAR CLOCK. Lower dial shows months, days, dates, phases of moon. From the famous Old Charter Collection.

*Tick-tock...tick-tock... the whiskey that didn't watch the clock!*



BY FRENCH CLOCK-MAKER PIOLAINE. Obelisk shape stems from excitement aroused by Napoleon's Egyptian campaign. When it's time for a highball, enjoy the luxury of Old Charter.



VIENNESE PENDULETTE. Heart, pushed down rod, re-ascends in 24 hours. Unique in America, as is Old Charter, better by the drink because it's aged longer by the clock.

OLD CHARTER GOES into the cask a superior whiskey. Slow aging mellows it to rare magnificence. These two simple — but vital — factors are behind the superb flavor that is Old Charter's, alone.

Long a bourbon drinker's *premier* whiskey, Old Charter's superb quality and rare smooth flavor have actually won over many Scotch, Canadian and Bonded whiskey drinkers. It has become one of the leading *quality* whiskies in America. Try it yourself. You'll see *why*.



# OLD CHARTER



Kentucky's Finest Bourbon

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 7 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF  
OLD CHARTER DISTILLERY COMPANY • LOUISVILLE, KY.



RICHARD HEIMANN



Vogue's  
eye view  
of  
re-facing  
a fact

This is the issue of Vogue in which, with perfectly clear eyes, we say boo to the facts. To set things off, the girl just above is saying boo to Voltaire, the old fact-monger. . . . Facts, we say here, should not only be faced, but RE-faced and remade: the fact of a figure, for instance (directions for re-facing, remaking, facing up to bathing suits, page 65). . . . Re-face-ing literally with colour, page 60. . . . Remaking your ideas of psychiatry (page 90); of how to get along with a man (page 54). . . . Remaking your age, now *there's* a fact to say boo to (on page 96). . . . And somehow—we're not too sure how—this brings us back to Voltaire and his green wisdom pellet, "Cultivate your garden." Remade, we think it probably reads, "Dig yourself." And remake to taste.





IN 1 A 1

Prismo.



# The No-Betweens

Clothes to go with you through the year

The infatuating season of No-Between Clothes starts when you buy them and goes blissfully on for twelve months a year, often for years. What we're talking about is a specific school of clothes of which the prime examples were once the good tweed suit and the all-climate "little" black dress that carry the world even when Atlas shrugs. Clothes that never hibernate, never aestivate (that old Roman technique), the No-Betweens are always *there*, blandly ready to be whipped out of the closet and worn. No wardrobe, and we repeat, no wardrobe should be exclusively no-betweens. For one thing, it can't be, and for another, it would be boring boring boring. The woman who *collects* clothes, however, has known for years that certain fashion elements carry through the year and she's never without them: The jerseys, for instance, silky matte or wool. Chiffon. Printed silk shoes. A leopard bag, good for as many years as it has spots, and meant to be worn in the summer, not with moth balls, but with linen dresses. Anything knitted (the dress due right, for instance). A smashing silk coat; and this year, it might be printed (see Vogue next month, Vogue November 1). And colour; without being dull about it, a woman can manage to run a colour scheme straight through her clothes life. . . . Black and brown, for instance, worn a good deal together. . . . Beige, greige, grey. . . . Beige, spiked a good bit with orange. . . . What it all adds up to is Point of View, for our money the most vital point in fashion, and especially important to a woman shopping for no-betweens, because tags won't spot these for her; she'll have to rely on her personal fashion radar . . . with an assist from the eight pages here of clothes to carry through the year.

**S**tarting here, nine elements, red and black, to play the no-betweens in a wardrobe: Left, red fleece funnelled into a new shape of coat—the fashion here promises not to lose a tick of its immediacy on its year-round tour. It's worn here with a draped turban, long leather gloves; south, it might find itself delightfully in the middle of one of those "it gets quite cold in the evenings" discussions. Made to order by Miguel Ferreras. Right, the dress a woman pulls out of the closet without thinking—at the minute. The pre-thinking involved here: black, knitted wool, chemiserie, by-play with jewels in the evening, a gold flash of pin in the daytime. By Kimberly, about \$45. Altman's; Rothschild Young-Quinlan; I. Magnin. Cap coiffure, new and close-fitting, by Charles of the Ritz.







More clothes to go with you  
through the year

• f there were a rule about what goes, year round, we'd say a dress-and-jacket: the idea has a logic that's never been more beautiful than this year; than here. *Left:* Black town suit in one of the great no-betweens of all time—silk crêpe—with a look to remake with a wardrobe of hats and jewels by season. Or: evenings, summer days, trade the square-cut little jacket for a silky bubble shape (examples, pp. 88-89). Branell suit, about \$155. Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; Marshall Field. Sally Victor hat. Palizzio shoes: Lord & Taylor. Nettie Rosenstein pin. Chair in the modern climate: Knoll Associates. *Right:* Silk crêpe-chiffon suit with a gratifying habit of being there when you need it: for weddings with a flowering hat; for dinner; for cocktails mid-winter under furs, with a velours beret as here; hatless to the theatre. Not the least of the quiet news here, the shade of red. By Ben Zuckerman. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. The hat by Sally Victor.





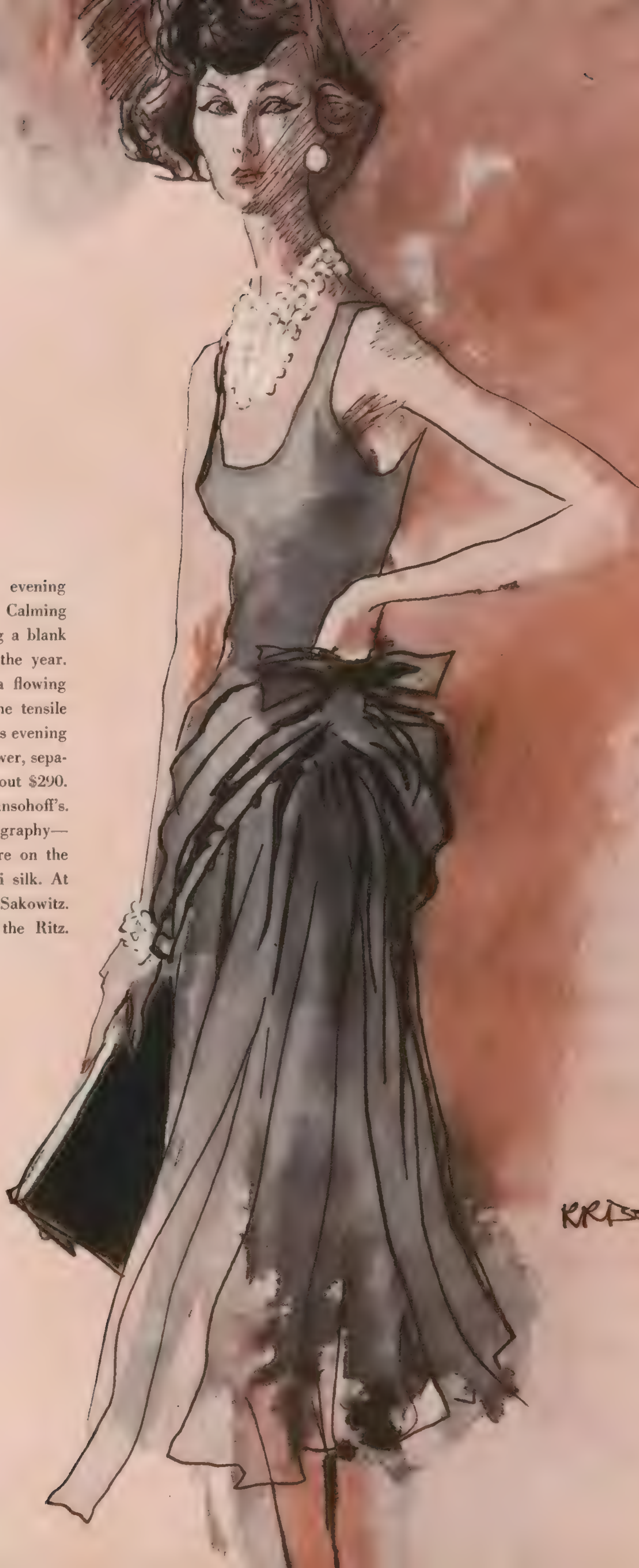






More clothes to go with you  
through the year

● nstant beautifiers in red, in black: two evening dresses it's calming to know you own. Calming and just about as exhilarating as owning a blank cheque on looking your best any night of the year. *Left:* Chinese-red textured silk dress with a flowing softness and, considered as pure fashion, the tensile strength of steel—the fine-boned narrowness is evening news now. Part of the décor: a permanent flower, separable stole. By Christian Dior-New York, about \$290. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; Ransohoff's. *Right:* Black chiffon with a universal geography—and a pleasant way of putting a good figure on the map for evening. By Scaasi; in a Bianchini silk. At Hattie Carnegie; Woodward & Lothrop; Sakowitz. *Coiffures*, new projections by Charles of the Ritz.









More clothes to go with you  
through the year



**b**lousing in a 365-day black-and-red plan. The fine high polish of all the clothes here—a well-planned elegance with a fine casual way about it.

*Left:* All-day suit with a brightness that amounts to genius—it's made of uncrushable wool jersey in an uncrushable line. The blouse, black linen with white cartoonish flowers (to see them up close, see the cover). Jane Derby costume, the suit of Rodier wool, about \$225. Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; I. Magnin. The Hattie Carnegie bracelets, also at Bonwit Teller.

*Above:* The print suit, a blousing dress and a jacket of silk surah, growing mulled red flowers. It might start the day at lunch with almost any climate of coat; *or* as far as the suit's concerned, the palm tree here might be growing outdoors. By Adele Simpson, \$185. This, Bergère necklace: Bonwit Teller. Suit: Hutzler's.

*Right:* Here, black and white hound's-tooth chiffon in the kind of dress that comes to mind for late-day when the plans are indefinite. In the skirt, thirty-two yards. The dress, by Bud Kilpatrick. Polly's; I. Magnin.





# How to get along

Nothing fails like success; nothing is so defeated as yesterday's triumphant Cause. I think often and with pity of those old Feminist ghosts who won their battles but lost their war. They must be giddy with spinning in their graves. For their daughters and their granddaughters—freedom secure, their shackles burst—have been the meanest of traitors. They have run merrily back to their chains.

Now that girls need not marry for financial security, they marry younger and more eagerly than before. Now that limiting the size of a family requires no esoteric knowledge, the families get bigger and bigger to the despair of school systems and Margaret Sanger. In spite of (or perhaps because of) Birds Eye begotten dinners and the world's fruits in Cellophane, nearly all of us are better cooks than our ancestresses. The New Woman has turned out to be romantically domestic. I know women who grind their own coffee, preserve their own peaches, bake their own bread, grow their own herbs. Almost any day I expect to find certain accomplished friends of mine out in their vineyards, treading their own grapes.

So it's not astonishing that in this age of clear-eyed, emancipated youth, the world is fuller than ever of tracts directed at its distaff section—is brimful of recipes for pleasing gentlemen and ensnaring spouses. Even the most ambitious careerist now admits that a husband is vital to her whole scheme of things; that the proper study of womankind is Men.

But I sometimes think the pundits have got hold of the wrong end of the stick. Capturing male fancy isn't all that difficult. Though it can't be taught by rote any more than absolute pitch, nine-tenths of the girl babies born into the world have the gift perfected by the time they are drinking out of a cup. I recall a demonstration of native talent given by a member of my own household when she was four and out with me for a Sunday call. We must have dropped in at cocktail time, for there were present a large number of grownups. And, when the moment came to go, she detached her hand from mine, walked all the way across the room to the tallest and likeliest male stranger and murmured meltingly, "Will you tie my bonnet for me?"

I decided then and there that whatever crumbs of counsel on *How to Deal with the Other Sex* I'd been hoarding, I'd keep them for my memoirs.

If all girls do not play the music thus by ear, they've usually learned, by eighteen, at least to carry the tune. They've learned from their sisters and schoolmates, by trial and error, from exhortations in their own glossy magazines. Besides being all beautiful as nymphs—hair shining, teeth

flashing like pearls or kitchen porcelain, complexions incorrigibly perfect—they have studied how to take an intelligent interest in whatever interests their prey. If need be, they can ski down terrible mountains, reef a sail, or listen interminably to the sound of locomotives on hi-fi. They are abetted, moreover, by the passion for marrying which has infected even men. Never has bachelorhood been so little at a premium. So it's an egregious female nowadays who does not, in due course, acquire a husband. One or several.

Which brings me to the root of my particular matter. Getting along with men isn't what's truly important. The vital knowledge is how to get along with a Man, one man. And concerning that I think our mothers and our grandmothers knew more than we.

For one thing, they recognized their luck. They never stopped preening themselves on having the good fortune to be married women. I fear the Feminists have had their little victory after all. They've persuaded us that marriage is a partnership, with inflexible rights and guarantees and that the price of feminine freedom, like that of a republic, is eternal vigilance—on our own behalf. Nonsense! Marriage is a lot of things—an alliance, a sacrament, a comedy, or a mistake; but it is definitely not a partnership because that implies equal gain. And every right-thinking woman knows the profit in matrimony is by all odds hers. Simone de Beauvoir, the French humourist, wrote a very funny book a few years ago. (At least I laughed at it a good bit.) What amused me most was her insistence that men had invented marriage to keep women in their places as the Second Sex. Now why would a man deliberately go out of his way to dream up an institution so hampering to his liberty, so chafing to the wild male spirit, and above all so expensive? The wheel, yes; the moon-bound rocket; even Scotch Tape. But marriage was all a woman's idea, and for man's acceptance of the pretty yoke it becomes us to be grateful.

If ever I were intrepid enough to instruct my daughters on the care and taming of husbands, I should put gratitude first on my list.

Perhaps it need be the only comment there. For gratitude is a sincerer form of flattery than imitation; and for its sake a man will endure a great deal—will bear with extravagance, too much marjoram in casseroles, or a tendency to sinus trouble. It is better than charity at covering a multitude of faults.

Faults there are bound to be, marked like towels, plainly His and Hers. But the woman who gets along with a man knows how to get along also with his defects. She is too sensible to try to erase them, so she adopts them. The most successfully married couples I know have, perhaps uncon-



BY PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

# *with a man*

sciously, worked this out; and so I shall remark to my daughters. Is the Lord of the manor unpunctual about letters or meeting one at the station? Does he drink too much coffee, clutter ash trays, read late at night in bed, turn on all the lights and leave them burning? Is he a pantry-raider, an ice-tray emptier, careless of calories? Does he tramp in gardening boots across the Saturday carpet and think one's old boarding-school friends are bores? Let it not exacerbate the soul. Be unpunctual together. Let the lights burn and the leaves gather on the rug and the ice melt in the sink. See old cronies at lunch without him or suffer them less gladly. Faults shared are comfortable as bedroom slippers and as easy to slip into. I have a feeling that Darby and his Joan were probably both terrible housekeepers and ramshackle hosts, but that Joan kept a pot of coffee—or was it mead?—ready at all times for the two of them. And I'll wager she laughed heartily at every joke he told while they were tucking it away.

*F*or next to gratitude, and ornamenting it, I should put appreciation. Particularly appreciation of his wit. Husbands expect a certain amount of disillusionment. They know that a helpmate before breakfast is bound to be less picturesque than the *soignée* creature with whom he danced at the Assemblies. He has braced himself for hair nets and flannel bathrobes! What he hasn't counted on is a wife who either interrupts his newest Madison Avenue jape with, "You'll have to call the carpenters, honey, about that storm window," or greets its point with a chill stare.

Nor is he prepared at parties to have her snatch the same story away from him and finish it herself. Perhaps half the wife-murders in history would have gone uncommitted if the murderess had not, at some time during a convivial evening, stopped her husband dead in the middle of a story with an impatient, "Oh, Harry, you're getting it all wrong! The dog doesn't come in till later. You see there were these two sailors..."

I happen to be married, myself, to a genuine wit; I *know* that his most offhand dinner-table observation is far funnier than anything Abe Burrows ever said, and it makes for an agreeable life. But a good many husbands might be coruscating at dinner, too, if they were nicely applauded.

Let's see—that's three items on the list and it seems very skimpy advice for a woman to have accumulated after more than twenty years. My daughters would laugh at me, and quite rightly, if I handed them this trio of tenets. What about the hot meal at night and the good breakfast? What about being tactful to the president of his company? Is there to be no sound counsel on staying slimly seductive, on asking

intelligent business questions, on Getting One's Way without a Fuss?

I'd have to admit I was a poor oracle. I've seen marriages fly apart at the seams and I've seen them firmly welded as a battleship, and there was never a rule of thumb to go by. Good housekeepers come to grief and bad ones prosper; but I have also seen Craig's wife enthroned like Hera in Mr. Craig's heart. I know happy women who understood more about business than their husbands and equally happy ones who thought a Dow-Jones average had something to do with golf. For my part, I think the more distance a wife puts between herself and the head of her husband's firm the better. But *Fortune* magazine some years ago found for the opposition.

As for glamour, even that is moot. There's a friend of mine who, although she can scarcely make out the name on a restaurant marquee, leaves her glasses at home because her husband thinks they are unbecoming, and *she's* happy. I also know a witty woman novelist who buttons her sweaters unevenly and forgets her lipstick, and *her* husband hasn't spoken a cross word to her in years. There are executive-type women who do the driving in the family and who replace the fuses and beard the furnace in its den; and then there are the ones—like me—who go into trauma when faced with an automatic pencil sharpener. We all seem to fare about the same. And when it came to the final question, I'd have no answer at all. In a successful marriage, there is no such thing as one's way. There is only the path of both, only the bumpy, dusty, difficult, but always mutual path.

Pressed, I might add two trifles so old-fashioned as to seem fresh. I wish that every girl who marries might have a dot. Not a fortune—that might unbalance a relationship. But the woman with a little money of her own, a bit of change in her pocketbook which is not part of the domestic budget, is delightfully situated. It gives her confidence and kindness, like having naturally curly hair.

The other concerns the selection of a proper family tree. Nothing helps so much in getting along with a man as seeing to it that he stems from a long line of monogamous ancestors.

And there the list would have to end. Gratitude, an attentive ear, a sharing of faults; pocket money and a stout conviction that marriages were meant to last—those are the only recipes I have to offer. I hope no man sees the meagre roster, for it might seem to him condescending. And condescension is the poorest weapon in a woman's arsenal. But then, I and my kind do not own an arsenal, having no need of one. Who wants weapons when she has—and is aware that she has—all the luck?



# PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

## PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

The new people on the bandwagon for more education in science.... The increasing seriousness of the Algerian situation.... The New York production of two plays, *The Chairs* and *The Lesson*, by Eugene Ionesco; Jean Anouilh wrote in a review of the Paris production of *The Chairs*: "Better than Strindberg because it is gloomy in the same way that Molière's work was—in a style that is sometimes madly funny."

## PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

The melodic pleasures of the record, *Concierto de Aranjuez* for guitar and orchestra by Rodrigo.... The British delight in the phrase for motivation researchers, "depth boys."... *Some Came Running* by James Jones whose 1,266-page novel has chunky, extraordinary parts that jounce the reader out of the gruelling, endless narration, the whole complicated by Mr. Jones's erratic reformation of English punctuation—by writing shell and hed for she'll and he'd, he adds dishevelment to his style.... The exhibition, "Architecture of Antoni Gaudi" at the Museum of Modern Art.... The Italian realization that the sight of a nun fishing or playing soccer, as Anna Magnani does in *The Awakening*, has the same laughter amazement as anyone slipping on a banana peel—it worked for Ingrid Bergman when she played baseball in robes; for Celeste Holm playing tennis in a black habit.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Five books, recently out, all of which had parts first published in *Vogue*: *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*, by Jean Kerr; *Get Away from Me with Those Christmas Gifts*, by Sylvia Wright; *Golden Sections*, by Michael Ayrton; *Sauce and Sensuality*, by Elisabeth Ayrton; and *The Fabric of Memory*, by Eleanor Robson Belmont.... Tic-Tac-Hex, an egghead version of the old game tick-tacktoe, in which the players trace a snail's trail of zeros and x's through a labyrinth of one hundred and twenty-one hexagons.... *The Picture History of Painting*, big, comprehensive, and just right for those who want to know something, but not too much, about painting from caves to Picasso.... The re-found enjoyment of radio, with certain special titivations coming from listening to short wave Moscow where the news, threatening and sensational, is announced in English with an American accent.... General Foods Gourmet line which has a remarkable cracked wheat pilaf; fast, right out of the box into eight minutes of boiling water, it tastes a little like Bulgarian hominy grits.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Controlled weather as a new military weapon that could cause droughts and floods with an even wider range of destruction than hydrogen bombs, especially since it is known that the Russians are experimenting with pigmented dust dropped over large expanses of the Arctic, thereby changing the climate.... Small transistor radios with one-ear plug-ins, especially useful for considerate people who find the late night programs often better than Nembutal.... Qantas, the first single airline to fly completely around the world; Northwest Orient with Trans World Airlines is the first United States combine to do the same.... The fascination of two travel books, one, D. H. Lawrence's *Etruscan Places*, now in paperback, and Stendhal's *A Roman Journal* in which under the date line, March 4, 1828, he wrote: "The Romans, like the English today, had been clever enough to convince their women that being bored was the first duty of a respectable woman."

## GIULIETTA MASINA AND FEDERICO FELLINI,

*right*, are great Italian artists whose medium is film. As an actress, Masina's tragicomic appeal springs from a meagre body, a mirror face, mobile as sunlit water, great brown eyes, a sliced-melon smile, and an ability to invoke in lightning sequence, laughter and tears. *La Strada*, *Cabiria*, and *Il Bidone*, her best movies, were written and directed by her husband, Fellini, who spent one year making each film. When he was researching *Cabiria*, in which Miss Masina plays a bobby soxer harlot, Fellini prowled the Roman night world, hired streetwalkers as extras, then used their dry-cleaned clothes for costumes. To former owners of brothels, he gave a wine and *pasta* dinner at which they told tragic tales of prostitutes. "Many wept," Fellini said, "like babies." Although usually collaborators, the Fellinis have split briefly for separate movie efforts: she, to make *Fortunella* with Paul Douglas; he, to direct Sophia Loren in a new movie. On the set, Fellini, a dark, pillowy man of thirty-seven, wears suspenders over a T shirt, a straw hat, and is, said a member of the cast, "sad, but playful."











# The year-round white dress— climate by coat

The white dress, among the great new re-vamps of the year, is one of the dazzling ways of dressing now—all day, any day in the South; for picked moments in the North country. The basic idea is this: a slender fall of white, emphasized by woman; highlighting skin, hair, and especially eyes. The climate is controlled by coat—two examples here, with dash, and the substance to cope with degrees of weather.

*Left:* Pleated-skirt dress with a sleeveless overblouse, bateau-necked and long of line—the best of the Scott Fitzgerald looks, slender and vaguely frangible. The climate control here: a coat of Argentine spotted cat, beige and beautiful, notably beautiful with white. Dress, of crêpe (Celanese acetate and rayon), by Larry Aldrich; \$90.

Both, at Gunther Jaeckel.

*Right:* Creamy white flannel dress that takes a nice compromising line with the chemise—more shape than fit. Brass buttons rising to a slim slit of neckline; glove-length sleeves. The coat here: beige again, easy and sweateery wool by reason of its Jacqmar mesh weave.

Dress, of Forstmann wool flannel, by Harvey Berin; \$90. Coat, by Marquise, \$145.

Both: Saks Fifth Avenue;

Neiman-Marcus. Dawnelle gloves.

Both pages photographed at the offices of Lee Woodard company.







Two women here, but four beauties at the flick of a page: that's the mathematics of beauty now. The multiplication table—recolourers that remake a woman literally from one minute to the next.

**Evening bruneterie.** Right, a ravishing natural brunette with red-brown lights in her hair, intensely green eyes. Two shades of eye shadow are applied, a lighter sea green near the lid, blue-green to the eyebrow's outer tip. The evening fillip: green false eyelashes, darkened with blue-green mascara. Daytime variation of the eye make-up here would omit the green lashes, confine the shadow to the lower part of the eyelids. A sunny shade of orange-red lipstick would be in order then, too.

**Daytime look—the new-grey eye.** Left, possible for blue, grey, hazel, or even iris irises, the Irish-eye brilliance of grey eye shadow; on blondes, a grey eyebrow pencil. For the mouth, bright orange-red lipstick—to show the lipstick tactics currently remaking women.

*Two beauties turn into four—flick the page*



# Recolouring your colouring

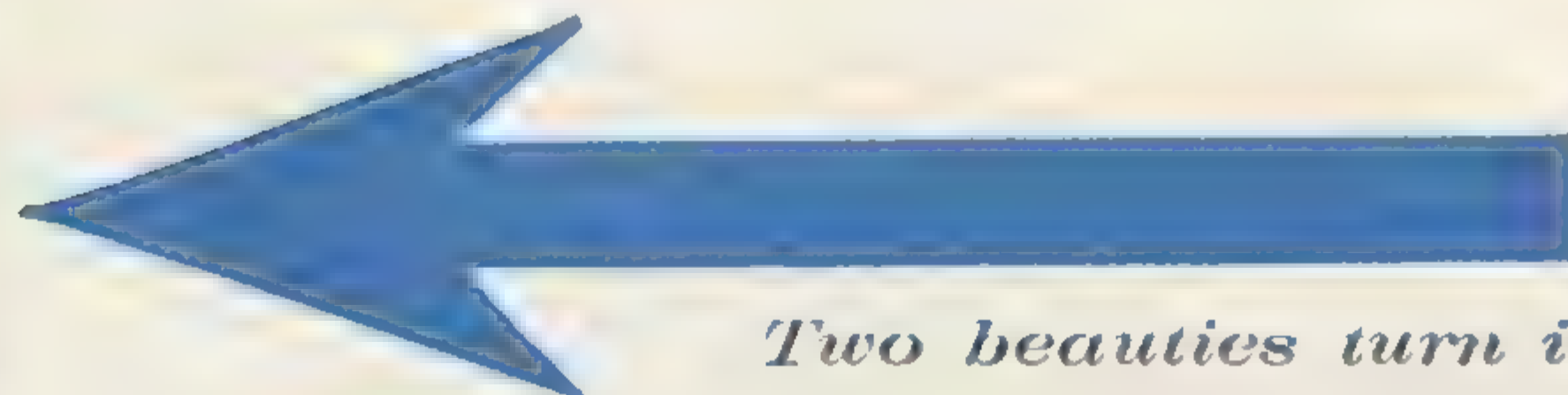








**Evening bruneterie—burnished.** Right, hair recoloured a full three shades lighter than on the preceding page, toned to keep the golden-brown colour more blond than red. Recolouring time: twenty-five minutes of a cream colour shampoo process that lightens and brightens simultaneously, plus setting and drying time. The news in hair colouring now: short runs—even one-night stands—for a particularly flattering hair shade are no longer uncommon. Memory jog to a brunette with less-fair skin: for this hair colouring plan a foundation and powder lighter by one or two shades than your current one. A blonde of any duration might plan a turquoise eye, with brown mascara. Hair tone here, by Roux, in one of the new Coiffures Americana at Bergdorf Goodman. **Daytime pastel—the new-blue eye.** Left, a pleasantly smoky shade of blue eye shadow, a smoke-grey eyebrow pencil (for blondes especially)—and three minutes of application that would bring almost all the new pastel colours into a one-woman range. Grey and blue eye shadows, the companion grey eyebrow pencil, all by Maybelline.




*Two beauties turn into four—flick the page*









*The  
bathing suit  
and*

**Remaking  
the  
bathing-  
suit  
figure**



First, let's come to terms with the term. By bathing-suit figure we mean not only the figure in the suit, but the figure that begins where the suit leaves off: the back, arms, thighs, calves—whatever can't be concealed by any bathing suit, no matter how ingeniously the suit's constructed.

The bathing-suit figure, in fact, is more or less on its own. And this makes certain things obligatory: simply—more simply than you might think—a good complexion and a degree of firmness that a passable dress-figure might get by without. (As for what's *not* exposed: the inner workings of the bathing suits themselves are making good news in that area more and more possible—and more about that later.)

Meanwhile, we're delighted to report that what can't be concealed can be made prettier. A big part of the picture depends on "tone"—that is, muscle-tone. Its presence accounts for the firmness, or elasticity, of the flesh; athletes in peak condition have it—so does a zippy new rubber band. The absence of muscle-tone, alas, has a name too: flabbiness—which is something that can happen even to a very slender woman, especially if she's neo-slender, via heavy dieting and practically no exercise.

The good news is: muscle-tone can be improved—remarkably. And at almost any age; it has even been known, in women past sixty, to stage a better than fifty per cent comeback.

Since lack of exercise is the villain in most cases, what's clearly indicated for back-sliding muscles is . . . exercise. Far easier, to our mind, than the daily dozen, is a machine, roughly the size and weight of a child's phonograph, that does the exercise for you. It's called Relax-A-cizor; it works by electricity; at home; and most importantly, works where you want it to work.

Selective "exercise" is the idea. You pick the spot (or more accurately, the bulge), Relax-A-cizor sets about eliminating it, this way: a switch starts the action; dials regulate it; electric cords, attached to body pads, (*Continued on page 67*)

*Far left:* To show a new (or long-cherished) small waist: a gently curvy suit, its lines hinging on a belt. By Brigance of Sportsmaker, of red and black jacquard knitted cotton by Heller. About \$28 at Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros. *Left:* Swimming suit with a challenge—it expects a figure to stand on its own. Only support: the fabric, Oxford-grey wool knitted with Lastex. By Gernreich-Westwood; about \$25 at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin.

*Dagmar*





# The bathing-suit figure *continued*

RUTLEDGE

*Left:* Easier suit for figures in the re-making: black knitted Helanca nylon yarn. By Alix of Miami; \$23 at Jay Thorpe; Burdine's. *Right:* Swimmable leotard of stripes, requiring a narrow body inside. By Schiaparelli, of knitted cotton and Lastex; \$18. Bergdorf Goodman; Kaufmann's. *Far right:* Musts here: slimness, a pretty back. Printed, knitted cotton and Lastex by Roxanne; \$23 at Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; L. S. Ayres. Cap: U. S. Rubber.

*Dagmar*



(Continued from page 65) transmit the action to the bulges in question. Each machine comes equipped with a point-by-point chart, showing exactly where the pads go, and—most reassuringly—with a live instructor whose services continue, on demand, long after your purchase. (They actually start *before* with a “try-on” session.)

When the machine's in full gear, this is what you'll feel: a quite delicious tingle, which can (and should) be stepped up to a definite contraction of the muscles involved. What you'll see is muscles, literally dancing before your eyes—at the rate of forty steps a minute, which, according to the Relax-A-cizor people, is the equivalent of forty push-ups, with a difference—this exercise takes no more energy than “walking, slowly, across a room.”

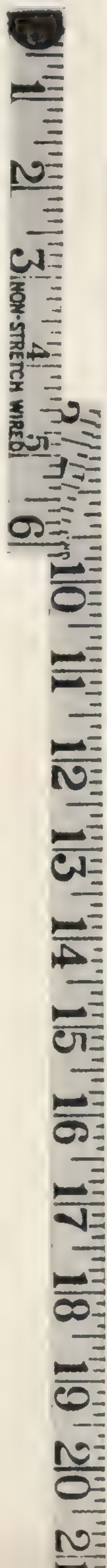
On the other hand, although the energy-requirement is low, it does take time. To see really noticeable results, plan to use the machine thirty minutes to an hour each day over a period of six to eight weeks.

The results are a matter of record—measurable in terms of inches lost as muscles are de-slacked and re-toned. How does this measure up against “real,” non-passive exercise? At Relax-A-cizor, they compute it this way: all things being equal, six weeks of properly adjusted machine exercise will produce approximately the same girth-reduction as would six *months* of bend-and-touch-your-toes—and effortlessly.

Now, muscles taut and nicely firmed, what's next wanted by a bathing-suit figure is, as we noted before, a good allover complexion. Given a reasonable amount of time, the sun will take care of this. But there are certain beforehand measures worth looking into. Sun lamp treatments, for one, can be effective when they're taken in modest doses over a longish period of time. Acquired hastily, a sun-lamp tan barely grazes the outermost layer of the skin; is as superficial, and almost as water-soluble, as make-up. Less durable than a patiently nourished sun-lamp tan, but still a fine way to gloss over a winter's supply of pallor, are the tinted sun lotions. These, besides providing temporary colour, have the added virtue of helping to promote the real thing.

And, this year, a bathing-suit figure can find help in the suit itself. As always, of course, there are the Lastex suits, some of which are on a par—in terms of effectiveness—with all-in-one foundations. Strengthening the case for the knitted suit now: some form of elastic. Knitted into the new wools and cottons, it can duplicate some of the action of a very light panty-girdle: not seriously controlling, but, in a mild way, really quite firming. Then, there are bathing suits that come not only with excellent corsetry for the purpose of whittling down, but also with devices for building up a too-small bosom.

Finally, for the woman who remakes her figure to bathing-suit specifications, there's this string of fringe benefits: the great natural ones that accrue from swimming, sunning, or simply walking along any beach in the world; and the pleasant afterthought that the figure that's up to a bathing suit is one-up on any other figure in fashion.





# "Felicia"

BY MARIA DERMOÛT

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Fragile, dynamic, Dutch, and sixty-nine, Maria Dermoût is the author of The Ten Thousand Things, her first novel. An enormous success in Holland, it will be published here by Simon and Schuster next month. This condensed excerpt from it, called "Felicia," gives a fresh, entrancing look into an extraordinary world. Madame Dermoût, who was born on a sugar plantation in Java, is a member of the Indies nobility, a term applied to Netherlands families living in the former Dutch East Indies since before Napoleon's time. After twenty-seven years "in every town and wilderness of the islands of Java, Celebes, and the Moluccas," she now lives near The Hague, where she is in her own words, "a writer and fully occupied grandmother." The book's translator, Hans Koningsberger, brought it from Holland, plans to use it as the basis for a play with music. His own first novel, The Affair, will be published in March by Knopf. Koningsberger is known to Vogue readers for his translation of one of Van Gogh's letters to his sister, published in December, 1954.*

**O**n the island in the Moluccas there were a few gardens left from the great days of spice growing and "spice parks"—a few only. There had never been many, and on this island they had even long ago been called not "parks" but "gardens." One of these was the Small Garden—small only in a manner of speaking: it was a large garden, one of the largest on the island, extending at the back far into the hills up to the foot of a steep mountain range, bordered in front by the inner bay, and on the left and right by rivers.

The girl was born at the Small Garden and her mother wanted her to be named Felicia. The father agreed, he always agreed to everything. The grandmother did not agree at all. "Happy! You dare to call your little child Happy! How do you know in advance?" But the mother had insisted. The grandmother would never call her that way; she always said "granddaughter," and from then on the parents were "son" and "daughter-in-law." "Granddaughter" and "son" were friendly words, "daughter-in-law" was not.

The grandmother was a skinny little woman with a dark complexion, dark hair, and dark eyes. She herself always walked very upright in her neat clothes; usually a bright silk sarong from Timor or one of the other islands, a jacket of thin white batiste with broad lace, a single jewel—a golden pin in her hair knot—around each wrist a bracelet of black coral like a bent twig—against rheumatism—on one hand two wedding rings, her own and that of her husband who had died so young. Her slippers were of velvet embroidered with gold thread and spangles; she embroidered the velvet herself and the Chinese shoemaker in the town at the outer bay had to make slippers out of it. She also sewed the fine jackets herself; and she made amber balls and scents and medicines.

Felicia felt a holy awe for her grandmother's medicines; luckily most of them were not meant for children and she was never ill; but there was a draught of a brightly orange root—for the purification of the blood after the change of the monsoon—no one, old or young, escaped that. It was as bitter as bile. And of course once a month castor oil, if she had not already taken it at home—with coffee extract or anisette, she could take her pick.

Everything in the house had been "a long time"; also the things in the "special drawer" of her cabinet. It was an antique cabinet full of cracks and crevices, on a base with bent legs, the front ones ending in claws; both its doors had to be opened before the drawer could be pulled out. On one side of the drawer, a pretty fan of real tortoise, worked in open patterns, with real gold inlay, "from when we were young," grandma said, "each of us five had a fan when we went to a dance in the town or at one of the gardens."

There had been five sisters, no brothers, nothing but girls. "We had tiffs, but then we made peace again. It was very gay at the Small Garden, granddaughter. We had dances behind the house, on the spice platform, with Chinese lanterns in the trees. It did not take each of us very long to find a beau, a beau is a little boy friend," she said, "oh, we were all five nice and pretty girls (if I say so myself) and married and gone in a jiffy."

She had moved to Java with her husband; he had a job with the Customs; and soon she had become a widow and had returned with her little son Willem (one of his grandfather's names had been Willem)—she had returned and stayed—



"yes, granddaughter, that is the way things sometimes work out." Her son Willem was Felicia's father. The other sisters had never come back, none of them: three were dead now, one lived far away in North America.

"The treasure" was lying in the middle of the drawer and it consisted of three things: a plate, and two little boxes made of chips of white wood. A little plate of rough china, glazed a light, even green—a real poison plate from Ceram. "It warns against poison," the grandmother said. Poison scared the plate and made it change colour, bad poison would make cracks in it, and a really bad poison could make it break right in two.

Once Felicia had asked what poison was. "Poison, that is the same as venom—Venom," the grandmother said, pronouncing the "V" very sharply. After that Felicia did not ask further: Venom, she realized, had to be something frightening, not a thing to ask or talk or even think about.

And then there were always some shells in the drawer, nothing special, the kind that grew on the rocks near the bay. The small creatures which made their houses in them were still alive; they were not fed, yet they went on living for months and now and then they moved about with a slight crackling of their shells' edges against the rough paper.

They were there to guard the treasure; grandmother was always careful to get some new ones from the beach regularly. As long as the treasure was guarded by living sentinels no thief would dare touch it, and as long as the treasure was lying in the drawer the house of the Small Garden would be protected against misfortune, and disease, and poverty, and venom, and other unmentionable things; and all who lived there would be—happy, grandmother would never say—not too unhappy, the Lord willing. . . . A person must be content with what's given, and manage with that as well as possible; and then she said, "you must learn to be a proud girl, upright, and not cry or be scared," and "if we can only remain proud people!"

And Felicia remembered how it had come about that they had left the island, and how the three girls had been mentioned on that occasion. She had never heard talk of them before, although she had often enough passed the three graves at the edge of the wood. Susanna, her nurse, had never told her about them, but then Susanna did not really belong to the Small Garden. It all started with the quarrel about the old spice grower's house, of which the brick foundations and some pieces of wall remained standing, between the trees to the right of the pavilion. Felicia's mother had had a little plan, she always had plans—she wanted to rebuild the house.

As soon as the house was ready she would give a party with candlelight and music; and she wanted all the guests to come in ceremonial proas, illuminated, with the gongs and drums beating—that would sound so wonderful over the inner bay.

She had even made the trip to the Small Garden to ask the grandmother for her permission. And grandmother had said no—without any ado, just no, no!—to Felicia's mother.

"But for heaven's sake, why not?"

"You know, daughter-in-law. Because it is a house of ill fortune." At first grandmother refused to say more, but when the other insisted she went on, "Why do you pretend not to know these things, that the three little girls of our

family died in that house—all three on one day—and have you forgotten also that the house collapsed in the earthquake and that the great-grandmother of your husband was up in the Hall with another child, and that they were buried under the ruins, and that afterward the house burned down? Don't you know all those things?"

"Oh my," Felicia's mother had said, "but that's all so long ago."

"Long ago or not makes no difference: misfortune remains misfortune, daughter-in-law."

"Well—" the other shrugged—"I don't believe in that sort of thing. Now you give your permission so that they can start building right away. You will see how beautiful it is all going to be and," she said, "of course I'll pay for everything, it won't cost you a penny."

The grandmother straightened herself even more than usual; she waited a moment before answering, looked out to the spot where the old house had been, "It is already beautiful here," she said, "and you are a fool, daughter-in-law. You have everything to learn—money, I know money is needed if something is to be bought, but you can not buy happiness with it, nor keep away misfortune. So much the worse for you, daughter-in-law." She was really angry now, "and you haven't learned your manners too well: in our family—not on Java, so elegant on the sugar plantation, oh no, right here—with us, with all the sisters at the Small Garden on the inner bay, we learned not to make remarks about pennies."

That was bad too, for the spice growers of the Small Garden on the island in the Moluccas were of a much older family than the owners of the large sugar plantation on Java. And so Felicia's mother had also become angry, so angry that she said she would never put foot again in the Small Garden, and she was not going to stay in that miserable little town at the outer bay either—not another day (she always said that), not she, nor her husband, nor her daughter Felicia.

And thus all three of them had soon thereafter sailed for Europe. And Felicia wouldn't forget the good-bye, for it was then that she had received the Snake with the Carbuncle stone as a present. It was a wonderful bracelet, Felicia thought: a golden snake full of rubies; not only the eyes, but the back and the tail too, right down to the tip, were inlaid with them; and it was bent in a spiral. "Dear son, daughter-in-law," the grandmother had said, "this bracelet is a present of mine to my sweet granddaughter for her voyage back."

\* \* \* \*

On deck at the rail stood a young woman: small and strong with a round boyish face, springy brown hair, dark attentive eyes under frowning eyebrows. She wore clothes that didn't quite suit her: an elegant but faded dress, a little hat that had once been fashionable, thin stockings, shoes with worn high heels—Felicia who was coming back to the Small Garden at the inner bay where her grandmother would be waiting for her as she had once promised.

Felicia had bathed the little boy beforehand, fed him and dressed him neatly: a jacket of real Brussels lace (the last present from her mother) over his shirt and diaper. He had been sleeping quietly in his basket but now he woke up. He was a nice sturdy boy with some strands of dark hair, large light-brown eyes which he always opened very wide as if astonished at all he saw.



## *"Felicia"* continued

Had her grandmother thus come back with her little son Willem to the Small Garden at the inner bay, once? Felicia's father would be fifty soon, had he been a few years old then? Between forty-five and fifty years ago? Felicia was calculating it all very carefully as if it were terribly important: more than forty-five, almost fifty years ago—that is not so very long ago, it might have been today. What kind of man would that husband of her grandmother have been, who had died so young?

Her own husband had been a "foreigner" in a hotel in Nice: no wonder, she and her parents had always lived in hotels in Europe—"not another day," her mother would cry, and off to the next hotel. A handsome, distinguished foreigner, "he looks like a diplomat," said her mother, who had been enchanted with him—Felicia too had been enchanted with him but hadn't said it; her father had said nothing at all, as usual. And he?—"that sugary money of your mother's," he sometimes said when they were alone together. He had a lightly mocking way of speaking, sometimes a bit melancholy too.

They had been married, travelled a lot, lived in hotels too, expensive hotels, sometimes with the parents, sometimes alone; they had used up quite a bit of the "sugary money." Her mother had approved, she took care of all their affairs—five years; then came the sugar crisis in Java.

Felicia was finally expecting the child which she had expected all those years—in a room in an expensive hotel and without money; there was nothing the man knew how to do, she could play the piano—a note stuck in the frame of the mirror: to America, and try—a new life for her and the child, and later—he had been obliged to take some of her jewels for the voyage, just for the time being, there was no other way—and—Li—that was how he called her.

He had taken with him all that was left, and all her jewels and the Snake with the Carbuncle stone—he should not have done that, she had told him about the Snake with the Carbuncle stone. He also should not have gone before the child was there, before he had seen the child. . . .

When the child was a few months old she had borrowed money from relatives in Holland for the voyage back; her father had for once in his life said, "That is good, we belong at the Small Garden." The child in the basket was called Willem after his grandfather and she was alone too. They were going back to have a roof over their heads and a bite to eat. She, who was named Felicia—Happy—that was her name, she came with her child for a stay with its great-grandmother (how many children have a great-grandmother?) in the Garden at the bay—where was there a more beautiful bay?

And she was no "widow woman"—her husband was still alive, whatever had happened, he was still alive. Let him stay alive, she asked, amen. . . .

The boy in the basket woke up; first he turned over on his stomach, on knees and elbows, then with a jolt and a turn he sat up straight in his crumpled lace jacket and looked dumfounded over the basket's edge; he was soaking wet.

Thus they arrived at the Small Garden on the inner bay. The slave bell was being rung. The grandmother was

standing under the trees on the beach in an orange silk sarong and white jacket, high-heeled slippers, with a little kerchief in her hand as if she had been standing there through all those seventeen years. She was a bit smaller and darker, but her hair had not yet turned grey. "There you are, granddaughter," she said, "I have been waiting for you, and did you bring your little boy Willem?"

"His name is Himpies, grandma."

"Do you think that's such a beautiful name? All right! Good day, Himpies," said the old lady, "welcome," and she tried to shake hands with him as if he were a grown man, "I have already started a cabinet with curiosities for you."

There was a little red lacquered cabinet which Felicia did not recall: in the bottom were drawers, above them two glass doors. The grandmother immediately took her there, "The curiosities cabinet for Himpies!" she said. The grandmother also opened the top drawer, full of little shells, one had been set aside from the others, and she said, "That is the double Venus-heart, granddaughter, that is a very rare one."

Behind the house the wood—the three neglected graves; she did not continue into the hills but walked the other way down to the wide river under the trees, with the village on the other shore. It was all different from the way she had thought it to be.

The boy was put on a mat under a tree and people came to look at him in little groups, never too many at a time; they talked to him, sang him a song.

\* \* \* \*

Felicia finished unpacking, put things away in the dressers; her grandmother helped her, she enjoyed it, looked at everything, chatted, asked questions. Her husband's name was not mentioned between them on that day, nor ever afterward; she also said little about "your mother," but she often mentioned "my son Willem, my son Willem." When they had finished she asked, "You have none of your jewels left, granddaughter, how did that happen? Your mother bought—there were so many jewels—did you have to sell everything after the sugar crisis? What a pity! But you had your bracelet for the voyage, was it enough for the voyage?"

Felicia said that it had not been enough for the voyage; she had had to borrow money from a relative of her mother's, the same one who was for the time being supporting her parents.

"Oh!" said the grandmother, startled, "but then you have a debt, granddaughter—a debt must be paid."

"Do you still have cows, grandma?"

"Yes, granddaughter."

"And chickens and ducks too, I saw."

"Yes, for the eggs."

"And do you still have a vegetable garden and all those fruit trees?"

"Yes, certainly, granddaughter."

Felicia looked her way in the half-dark. "Why don't we try to sell all those things in the town at the outer bay—milk, eggs, vegetables, fruits? And you used to make pickles and candied fruits and mussel sauce, and also scents and amber balls and bracelets against rheumatism—can you teach me too, grandma?" (Continued on page 114)






HORST

### MISS ROMANA VON HOFMANNSTHAL

A willowy, vivacious brunette, Miss von Hofmannsthal, the daughter of Mr. Raimund von Hofmannsthal and the late Mrs. Alice Astor Pleydell-Bouverie, recently became engaged to Mr. Rory McEwen, the son of Sir John and Lady McEwen of Scotland. Her maternal grandmother is Lady Ribblesdale; her paternal grandfather was Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the famous Austrian poet and librettist for the Richard Strauss opera, *Der Rosenkavalier*. Miss von Hofmannsthal has been an aide to her aunt, Mrs. Vincent Astor, for the Ruby Anniversary Dinner Dance, January 15, at the Plaza Hotel, to benefit the Maternity Center.





# Printed directions— recasting the colours

We couldn't put it more strongly about the prints in fashion now. If we're any judge of character (the character of the new prints, that is), there will probably be more prints per wardrobe this spring and summer than there have been in ages. Already noted, in January 1 *Vogue*, the excitement of the colours involved—involving often, and simultaneously, colours with the deepest family ties. Noted too: the non-garden variety of the flowers in print; three pages to pick from follow here. What's left to add is: the news you add yourself. For instance, a coloured shoe—or hat or coat—in a colour that's one of the family, once removed. *This page:* Beige checks brushed over a white silk surah chemise dress; worn with paler beige gloves, dark brown handbag, plain gold bracelet. John Carter dress; about \$145. This, and the alligator handbag, by Lucille: at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at J. P. Allen; Swanson's. Self-stitched linen opera pumps; by Evins. *Opposite:* News all over again, the Henry Higgins sweater—now a lime-coloured coat. Underneath it here: oranges, pinks, purples diamonded over white Couture silk surah. Coat, about \$35. Sleeveless bloused-top dress, about \$30. Both, by Greta Plattry. Apricot-coloured seamless stockings, by Hanes. All: Best's. Dress, coat, and Revlon's new Orange Flip lipstick and nail enamel: Burdine's; I. Magnin. Bright orange shoes: Gamins at Andrew Geller. Woodard chair.











## Flower prints— recasting the colours

*Flowers, opposite page:* Top, the news of a flower-printed cotton knit bathing suit. Amber-yellow and amber-green flowers worked in with the Lastex; not a shrinking violet anywhere. By Catalina, \$20. Macy's. Straw hat, by Miss Frederics: Altman's. Centre, silk surah dress, its sardonyx flowers worn with rust-red slippers, rust-yellow hair bow—hypnotic effect. By Charles Howard in Pavillon silk, \$70. Bonwit Teller. Below, left: crash colours for quiet at-homes. Silk shantung flowers, Aztecans jewels, taupe-yellow slippers. Blouse, \$23; skirt, sash, \$45. By B. H. Wragge. Bonwit Teller. Below, right: a cotton coat in "warm" colours. Above them, a flame-shaped turban one beat off the poinsettia red. The coat, \$70, at Altman's. The hat by Sally Victor. *Flowers, this page:* Left, life-size, life-colour poppies. Avisco rayon matte jersey blouse, by Lloyd, \$30. This, pants of ABC cotton piqué (\$16), at Lord & Taylor. Centre, matte roses on a looser-than-matte cotton sheath. Rayon-and-flax coat, lined with the dress roses, tends the garden. Both, in junior sizes, \$55. Gunther Jaeckel. Right, red—print, hair bow, shoes. McMullen silk surah dress, \$55. Lord & Taylor. The silk print shoes—a spectrum: ultraviolet violets, infrared reds, included. *Both pages:* Single-strap shoes, by Gamins, at Andrew Geller. T-strap shoes, in cherry calfskin, by DeLiso Debs. Mosell bracelets. Van Raalte stockings. These, at Bloomingdale's. Importantly pink lipstick with flowers: DuBarry's fine Pink Fire.





Flower  
prints—  
recast

*The three dresses:* Left, coloratura reds—pink to orange-red. The dress, a sheaf of roses, in a hand-screened silk print. By Hannah Troy, \$110. Bonwit Teller. Centre, silk dancing dress, with hat—two of the world's most romantic shapes even without the rosy influences. Nettie Rosenstein dress, \$185. Bonwit Teller. Right, flowers in a green-blue-purple mist. The dress, of Staron silk, as curvilinear in its way as the Mr. John hat. By Nettie Rosenstein, \$175. Bergdorf Goodman. The three dresses, also I. Magnin. Opera pumps, by Herbert Levine; Jack Schaefer. Sandals by Valentine. Petal hats by Sally Victor. Bur-Mil Cameo stockings. *The four handbags*—silk flowers, carryable with pleasant assurance in a season of newly-slanted colours side by side in prints. All, by Ingber, from Best's. *Lipstick colourifics*—four dazzling applications of Flamant Rose by Orlane.





Scarf  
print—  
reblocked

Winding up this report on 1958 prints, a dress that might conceivably open a woman's eyes to the year-round possibilities of print: black scarf silk, rescarfed with blocks of wine-red and greeny-blue, and put together as simply as a pair of scarfs—two adroit seams, a jot of blousing. By Oleg Cassini, of silk surah; \$90. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Harzfeld's. Bally T-strap sandals: Altman's.











# South to summer: fair-weather planning

Starting here, six pages of news for a southbound wardrobe and for a summer one that's in the planning stage (which it very well may be) now.

*Facing page:* Three-piece linen suit that could be a second home south or summer (or travelling between the two). Crisp black-and-beige stripes, with a short straightish jacket, slender skirt, and a beige silk overblouse scarfed into a sailor's knot.

By Pat Premo of Moygashel linen, about \$70.

Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; Haggarty's. Black straw flying-saucer hat, by Emme. Lederer alligator handbag.

*Left:* Fair-weather chemiserie—a bare semi-chemise dress of black-and-white tweeded linen to wear belted or semi-straight, as here.

The curve-and-dip neckline's outlined in black braid.

This, for summer cities all day; from noon to cocktail time in southern latitudes.

By Kane Weill of Belgian linen, about \$40.

Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

Hat, a John Frederics Charmer: Bonwit Teller.

*Right:* All-climate dress—a two-piece chemise of oatmeal-coloured silk tweed that could appear this minute (minus turban, plus pale fur) in northern cities.

By Mr. John Suburbia, of Tuerpé fabric, \$65.

Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel. Emme turban.

Gloves by Superb.



Nora





## South to summer *continued*

*Left:* New orange blend for afternoon resort life—

or for an early spring appearance, north. The dress is orange silk dotted in white; its sweater, white cashmere circled in orange. Good (and flattering) for nearly *any* resort costume now: the white chiffon turban. Dress and sweater by Alison; \$125 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Turban by Emme. Richelieu necklace at Saks Fifth Avenue. Herbert Levine shoes.

*Below:* Dress of sheer white linen, rewhitened by embroidered trapunto quilting down its precision-cut front. By Alison, of Sichel Belgian linen; about \$65 at Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Magnin.

*Near right:* Conformist to a pretty figure—this late-day dress of cotton, flower-printed in vintage shades of red.

Front and centre: one whopping printed flower. By Rudolf, of Onondaga fabric, \$90. Dress and shoes, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Frost Bros. Carol Stanley scarf.

*Far right:* Dress that could go climate-hopping, be equally at home at both termini of the trip. Navy-blue silk tweed, buttoned coat-style, its bodice bloused by a drawstring. By Georgia Bullock; about \$100 at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.











## South to summer: the bright light linens

What jersey is to year-round wardrobes, linen is wherever the outlook's sunny—here, in bright pale colours, easy new shapes.

*Left:* Carrying the new colour brightness—a slender self-belted dress of cloudless pink linen under a soft-slung raspberry-red jacket.

For resort climates now; northern country climates from noon to cocktail-time. come summer.

(The jacket: nice supplement to any wardrobe of skirts, pants, sweaters.)

By Addie Masters; the jacket of Sag-No-Mor worsted jersey; dress of Blackstaff Irish linen.

About \$80. Bergdorf Goodman; Neusteter's; I. Magnin. Koret handbag, also at Bergdorf Goodman.

*Directly right:* One way to make sure the sun's shining is to wear it—for instance,

pale sun-flower yellow linen, barely sleeved, straight and easy, and showing an inch or two more leg now. By Herbert Sondheim of Irish linen, \$55. Bendel's Young-Timers; Hudson's.

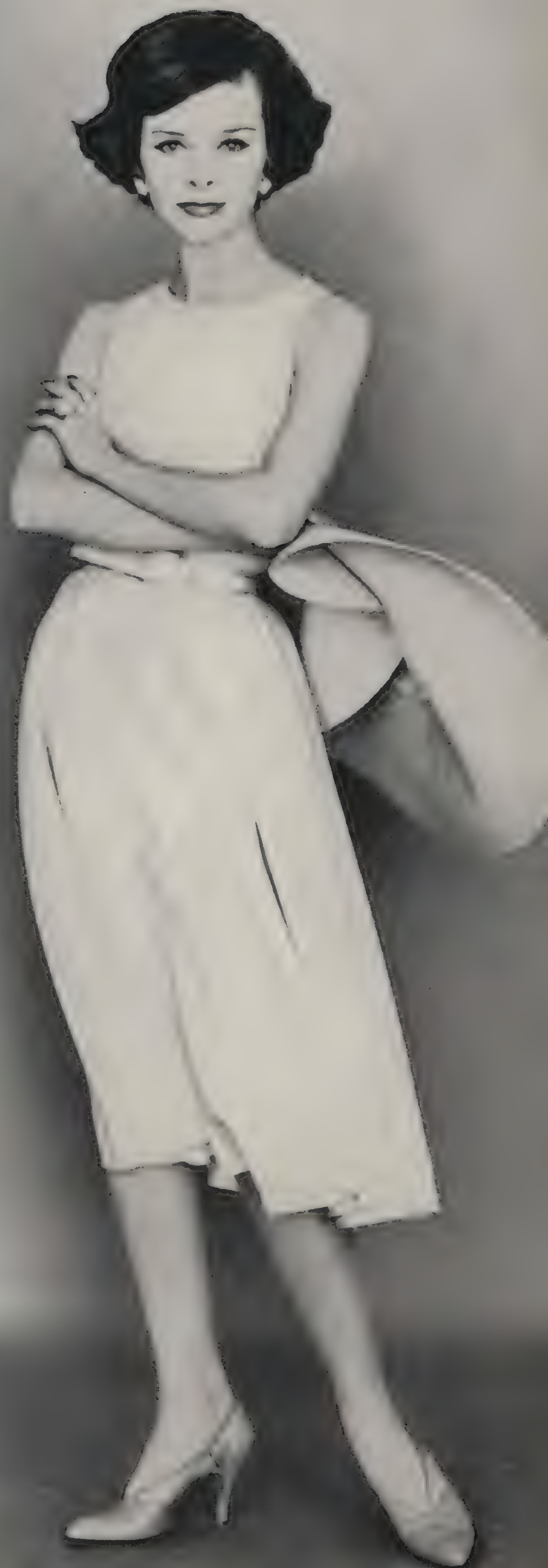
Evins shoes. at Henri Bendel.

*Far right:* Irish linen in a colour natural to it—pale emerald green. Here, a bare minimum of bodice above a soft full skirt, simple enough to make a pretty situation for jewellery (with which this dress could appear as late as dinner-time, summer countrysides).

By David Crystal, \$40. Saks Fifth Avenue;

Dayton's. Sunshade, this page: Emme's straw hat.









## Linen—revising the general outline

Two dresses to start thinking about today in any soft-climate zone (or one that's merely months away from being soft-climated). Both are linen—and clearly a 1958 cut of that cloth.

*Left:* The bloused-top dress in linen—pale-blue Irish linen damask, bloused, very lightly, over a thin, belt-threaded skirt. By Harvey Berin; \$70. Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Dayton's. Hattie Carnegie bracelet: Saks Fifth Avenue. Straw beret by Emme.

*Right:* Extending, literally, the idea of jacketed chemiserie: the self-coated chemise-dress. Here, lettuce-green Irish linen, covered—nearly to the knees—with a loose, loose-sleeved linen coat. Coat and dress, about \$110 each. These, and the tall, back-of-the-head turban, by Christian Dior-New York. At Gunther Jaeckel; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. Hanes seamless stockings, and the green linen shoes, by Evins, both: I. Miller. Jewellery by David Webb. Duchess Orange lipstick by Estée Lauder.











# Resort dressing— recharged with colour

Some of the strongest fashion advice to put into a south-going suitcase now: strong colour. Matter of fact, a soft-climate wardrobe might exist almost entirely on colour—and thrive. *Far left:* Sun dress as a look: blues blocked out with green—and a turban to match. Dress, \$15. Emme hat. Shoes by Mannequins: Bloomingdale's. *Centre:* Green and blue stripes circulating around a dress that's fairly circular to begin with (the skirt's blowy enough to warrant a petticoat). \$11. Sandals, I. Miller. Rhea dresses this page: in junior sizes, Lowenstein cotton. Best's; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres. Pink for a blue-green palette: Helena Rubinstein's Italian Pink lipstick. *Left:* Non-sleeved pink silk sheath with its own thermostatic device—a much paler pink cashmere sweater, ribboned with the silk of the dress. By Vera Stewart; about \$175. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Castlecliff necklace, Glentex scarf, Bergdorf Goodman. Evins shoes, I. Miller. All stockings, by NoMend; Altman's. Woodard chairs.









## Putting a new shape on fashion: blousing by jacket

From the collections of two up-and-coming young American designers, news in a typically American fashion idiom—a pale or printed shirt jacket, bloused over a dark straight dress. Good way to put the important blousing line into a Southern wardrobe now, into a summer city one later.

*Left:* Bloused silk shirt-jacket with a double scroll of embroidery down the front, more blousing in the sleeves. The colour plan, one that ran right through the Donald Brooks collection: white sand over grey-green (thinking in context, he named it Seaweed); sash and turban of clear poppy red. The silk dress underneath: sleeveless, to operate on its own in a warm-weather wardrobe. By Donald Brooks, of Couture textured silk, \$75. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; J. W. Robinson. The tall draped silk turban, by John Frederics. Gloves by Superb, Mosell bracelet: Lord & Taylor. Lipstick: Orange Poppy, by Jacqueline Cochran.

*Right:* Delicious way to blouse a dark narrow-skirted dress—a shirt-jacket of printed taupe chiffon, over charcoal-grey linen. The print, the bold new flowering kind, in beige, brown, and grey (colour concentrates of this collection). Concealed blousing at the top of the sleeveless dress. By Charles Howard for Kay Wynne; dress of McBratney Irish linen. About \$55. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Frederick & Nelson.





# Remaking your ideas

## **What are some of the changes in psychoanalytic techniques?**

Instead of the older, rigid technique—five sessions a week, the use of the couch, impersonality on the part of the analyst, and the patient rambling on without any focusing questions asked—there are many new approaches. The “orthodox” approach is used only when the therapist feels that such an approach is by far the most beneficial.

The couch, for example, is now used when the analyst feels that the patient will benefit more by lying down than sitting in a chair. Formerly, and Freud was the first to confess this, the couch was insisted upon, in part, because the analyst felt more comfortable when not facing the patient.

## **Does the analyst still just listen?**

Generally, no. Rarely will a modern analyst allow a patient to wander aimlessly for months, trying to grapple with an invisible opponent. In effect now, the analyst is constantly saying, “See, *there* is a manifestation of your problem,” or “How did you come to ignore *that* strength?” By frequent questioning, the patient is forced to focus on the real feelings, to interpret the most recent experiences.

## **Do analysts still concentrate on childhood experiences almost exclusively?**

No. Childhood experience, reviewed for its own sake, is practically a technique of the past. The recalling of experience from childhood has two uses in modern therapy: 1. to give historical perspective to the patient; 2. to illuminate emotional problems in the present. The recapture of forgotten childhood experiences, it has been found, is a *result* of successful therapy rather than vice versa.

## **Why are analysts less impersonal now?**

For many people friendliness expressed by the analyst is a necessity. Such friendliness allows the patients to relax their guards, thereby lessening the resistance to self-examination and furthering, with more ease, the uncovering of new material. In the old days the analyst purposely remained extremely impersonal, as he was supposed merely to mirror the reactions of the patients to him. Thus he attempted to hide his personal qualities to keep the “transference” of the patients’ earlier feelings pure and therefore analyzable. These days the analyst finds that friendliness and communicability do not interfere with the essential work of

psychoanalysis. Incidentally, the once severe offices are now often decorative, reflecting the interests of the analyst.

## **Would an analyst these days take both a husband and a wife in treatment?**

The old rule that a husband and wife, or even friends, might not go to the same analyst has been relaxed. In some cases, it has been found helpful for an analyst to see an entire family, if not for therapy, then for information. Particularly when working with children, an analyst may feel that the entire family needs some therapy.

## **Are there adaptations of analytic techniques which can be used for people who do not require full analysis?**

Yes, such therapy is called either sector analysis or short-term analysis. It is for people, otherwise well adjusted, who have a single symptom which they wish to be rid of. In this form of therapy, the analyst would hope to discover and bring to the attention of the patient the unconscious source of the symptom. For example, a normally functioning, normally happy man, who suddenly has an obsessive thought which does not lessen as time goes on, might have sector therapy, aimed at finding out the hidden reasons *only* for this obsessive thought. Among other single symptoms requiring only sector analysis there might be undue anxiety caused by public speaking, or temporary but recurrent insomnia. The point to remember is that this analytic procedure aims for the causes of the single symptom and nothing else.

## **What is group analysis?**

A group of patients gather regularly to discuss their problems under the supervision of an analyst. By using the techniques of psychoanalysis to study the interactions between the members of the group, feelings which might not come up in individual treatment frequently rise to the surface. These feelings are then analyzed by the subject, the other patients, and the analyst.

Group therapy is particularly useful for people who have withdrawn dramatically from social contact. The acute anxiety they suffer makes them reject just about everybody. Because of their guilts and fears, they act like “hanging judges”; in their minds they condemn everybody. They are actually condemning themselves. When they are exposed to the reality of what goes on in other people’s minds during the therapy sessions, these patients find that their guilts and fears are not unique; this knowledge is enormously correc-



A medical interview with DR. MARIE NYSWANDER

# about psychiatry

tive and beneficial, hitting directly at the problems causing their antisocial feelings, their withdrawal.

Some analysts are now sending patients who have received the maximum benefit from individual analysis to group therapy. There, these patients test and apply their new insights as well as discover some old problems that failed to come to the surface. Two other valuable adjuncts to the successful completion of individual analysis, sometimes used, are hypnoanalysis and psychodrama.

## What is the relationship now between religion and psychoanalysis?

These days there seems to be a movement towards examining the relationship between the standards which describe *mental* health and the standards which describe *moral* health. That relationship is under scrutiny in many places and in many ways. In Europe there is a definite school of thought, called Logotherapy, which believes that psychic health is not achieved until the person under treatment has arrived at a satisfactory, personal philosophy of life. Certain analysts are studying the various religions in an attempt to find a world view either for themselves or for their patients.

In the United States, there is intense interest and further belief in Jung's early belief that the psychologically healthy man is a religious man. Thoughtful men have noted that psychic health and moral goodness bear a one-to-one relationship—and that the opposite is true, too. There is a close correspondence between the compulsive activities of the neurotic and the "immoral" activities of those who do not live by the Ten Commandments. In the future, I think, much new and fascinating material will come to light in this dimly lit region which divides the science of psychoanalysis from the metaphysical worlds of the religionist and the philosopher.

## Do drug therapies have beneficial applications in mental disturbances short of psychosis?

Yes, they seem to. Drugs do not help the patients to get more insight into their condition, but are purely and simply crutches for getting through a crisis which might otherwise incapacitate. Although there is widespread abuse of such drugs as chlorpromazine and meprobamate, and other tranquilizers, there are certain *acute* anxiety states which can be helped by these drugs, especially if the anxiety states are caused by such situational crises as sudden grief, great job difficulties, marital problems. These tranquilizing drugs allow the anxiety-ridden person to continue functioning un-

til the crisis is passed. If the anxiety, however, comes from internal stresses, the drugs are no cure whatsoever.

## What is the greatest recent advance in psychiatry?

The use of certain new drug therapies on psychotics. Although it is popularly believed that neurosis is a more important psychiatric problem than insanity, the opposite is true and always has been. Psychosis bears, roughly, the same relationship to neurosis as a malignant tumour to a benign tumour. In addition, the psychotic often becomes a public charge; to the family of a psychotic, the disease is a tragedy. In recent times, however, research has begun to focus on the physiological causes which might lie behind psychosis. It was found that the psychotic suffered profound metabolic and biochemical aberrations. At that point, many researchers began to feel that help for the psychotics might lie in drug therapy.

## Specifically what drug therapies seem to help in psychosis?

The most exciting and promising therapy at this moment involves the giving of a protein-free extract of the bovine pineal gland. (The work was done by Dr. Mark D. Altschule of the Harvard Medical School and of McLean Hospital in Waverly, Massachusetts.) Last November, Dr. Altschule reported in the *New England Journal of Medicine* on the treatment of ten "backward" schizophrenics who had been hospitalized for some ten to twenty years. Psychiatrists had estimated the chances of any recovery at about one to one thousand. With the administration, however, of the pineal gland extract there was an almost total reversal of the psychotic symptoms in these patients. Another fourteen patients, suffering from manic depressive psychosis and involutional melancholia, showed even more dramatic results. For all patients so treated, Dr. Altschule added, "we have not, as yet, reached the plateau at which clinical and metabolic improvement has levelled off."

Many people have followed the magazine and newspaper accounts of the hospital administration of such drugs as rauwolfia, an extract from the Indian snake root, and from chlorpromazine. The reason that such drugs have any effect in modifying psychosis is not completely understood, but to researchers it is clear that these drugs help to restore normal chemical balance to an affected brain. With Dr. Altschule's discovery, chemical therapy has thrust forward enormously, and perhaps even made the final step.





# Black

requoting some  
well-known figures

Two famous ways to read the news of strong colour without going near the spectrum: bathing suits of black and white—sometimes in the same beautiful stroke, as you'll see next page. *Left:* Little black sheath, swimmer's version—starts low on the bosom, continues low at the back. Of knitted black wool; about \$25. Sunshade that won't interfere with a coat of tan: a shiny black oilcloth sou'wester. Greta Plattray hat and suit. Both: Best's; Burdine's; Frost Bros. *Above:* Black maillot, making fewer demands than you might expect from a cut like this: the neckline's curved and gathered, deeply ovalled thereafter. By Dior for Cole of California; knitted of Helanca nylon yarn. About \$30. At Altman's; Hudson's. *Right:* One of the kindest cuts at sea level: bright white jersey with an easy surplice top, slender pleated skirt. By Sacony, of Arnel jersey. About \$18. At Best's; Hudson's.





&

White





Black





## & White

*Far left:* Fine shape for a swimmer to be in this year (you might get there from here via the directions on page 65 ): halter-top white bathing suit, by Gantner; of elasticized knitted Orlon; about \$23. At Bonwit Teller.

*Directly left:* One-piece non-bathing suit (some of the best figures on the beach can't swim a stroke), subdivided this way: it's woven cotton to the waist; afterwards—Celanese acetate faille woven with Lastex. By Brigance of Sportsmaker, in black with white embroidery; about \$35. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Sandals, also at Saks Fifth Avenue.

*Right:* Black and white distributed almost evenly over a not-very-large swimming area. Suit, by Cabana, of knitted Helanca nylon yarn; about \$20. Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; The May Co., Los Angeles.





# Remaking

Remaking your age has nothing to do with doctoring the dates on your birth certificate. Nobody sees that.

What everybody *does* see is you.

And *what* they see is a matter that's largely for you to decide.

The decisions of the clock or the calendar

are being overruled every day, now, by thousands of women, using some or all of the methods described on these four pages, which deal with skin, make-up, and gestures. In another area, the figure (and there may be just too much area, here), an age-remaking plan can also be sensationally rewarding. (One such plan is discussed on page 65; see also the Banana Diet described in the January 1 issue of Vogue.)

## *skin*

We've said before, and say again with utter conviction: many of the skin's so-called "signs of age" are simply signs of neglect—or signs that their possessor hasn't kept up with recent advances in cosmetic science. (It's no discredit to her if she hasn't—exciting break-throughs have been coming so thick and fast that it takes a trained chemist or dermatologist to grasp *all* the new discoveries.)

The first step in any remaking plan for the skin is

an expert diagnosis of how it really does look to an outside observer.

Right here is where the H. G. Wellsian-looking machine at the left comes in. Through this machine, an arrangement of polaroid lenses

and strong lights, the sympathetic but nonetheless

coolly appraising eye of Miss Mala Rubinstein,

at the Helena Rubinstein Salon, surveys the face of a woman who comes to the salon for advice. What she sees is actually a sort of

double vision—the way you look now; and the way you *will* look, after any one of a number of treatments she may prescribe.

The one she suggests may well be the salon's newest beauty-maker—Tree of Life, brought forth recently after long laboratory research

and careful tests. The Tree of Life plan consists of a group of preparations, two of which, the Tree of Life Cream and the Emulsion,

contain an ingredient, placenta extract, that comes—like so many of today's cosmetic ingredients—from the field of medicine.

Placenta extract is an important source of gamma globulin,

which is used to immunize against polio, measles, infectious hepatitis, and many skin diseases. Its value seems almost self-evident:

the placenta, that remarkable connecting link between an unborn child and its mother, not only transmits, but stores, all the elements of human life, in a form readily acceptable to the human system.

It's an extraordinary source of nutritive proteins, vitamins, and growth factors; of immunizing and protective agents.

In Tree of Life Cream and the lighter Emulsion (one to use at night, one to wear all day under make-up), placenta extract is combined with lanolin, cholesterol, and other ingredients.

What these preparations do is to combat the fatal trend in all skin, from adolescence on, towards drying out. (It isn't the age that tells—it's the dehydration.) As it ages, the skin tends to lose water, lose the natural oil that retains water, and then, inevitably, to lose elasticity and resilience—the young skin's capacity for snapping back.



THE MOMENT OF TRUTH: A MACHINE'S-EYE VIEW



# your age

The new preparations tend to produce an effect that dermatologists call "plumping up" the skin—restoring moisture and succulence to the underlying cells, firmness and springiness to the surface.

Before the Tree of Life treatment appeared on the market, it was guinea-pigged by a famous Vogue model, now a country wife, who has since reported that her skin does indeed feel

"plump—not fat, but plumper and more elastic. . . .

My face felt sort of shrivelled before." Plagued for years

by extremely dry skin (working under photographers' lights didn't help), she now spends a great deal of time outdoors

(also drying); she is, therefore, something of a "natural" for un-drying cosmetics. Apparently wedded now to the

Tree of Life Cream and Emulsion ("I've got a system of using the Emulsion in the morning, then adding a little more of the Cream on top in vital spots if I'm going outdoors"), she also uses the other products involved in the full Tree of Life treatment.

These, all new formulas, include a fluid cleanser and an emollient soap; a skin freshener called Royal Honey Mist, compounded of honey, herbs, and other delightful ingredients; a mask to be used once or twice a week to step up surface circulation.

To follow all these beauty-remaking steps, there is a luminous new foundation, a silky new face-powder. The mask contains—

as its active ingredient—a derivative of niacin,

normally found in the human body and used for therapeutic purposes;

another example of the new trend in cosmetic science—

pulling one's beauty up by its own biological bootstraps.

## make-up

Good way to wear your years lightly—keep your make-up light, in overall effect; avoid dark or strongly-contrasting areas.

Today's beauty-helpers are more helpful than ever in this respect, since many foundations and face powders now contain

light-reflecting, light-diffusing elements—actually, a built-in "soft light" as flattering as pink-shaded candles.

A good trick is to use white liner, or lighter foundation, to blot out dark areas, fill in lines. Dark circles under the eyes may occur at any age; they can be lightened by the method shown in the top sketch, at left—using a little white liner mixed with your regular foundation (the palm of your hand makes a good mixing-bowl), and blending it into the shadowed areas.

No make-up job is any better than the eyesight of the woman who applies it—and erratic vision can occur at any age, too. A good eye-opener here is a pair of the new tiny make-up glasses by May

(centre sketch, left), fitted with your prescription: most opticians' shops have these small almond-shaped frames, which enable you to make up everything except your eyelashes with no guesswork.

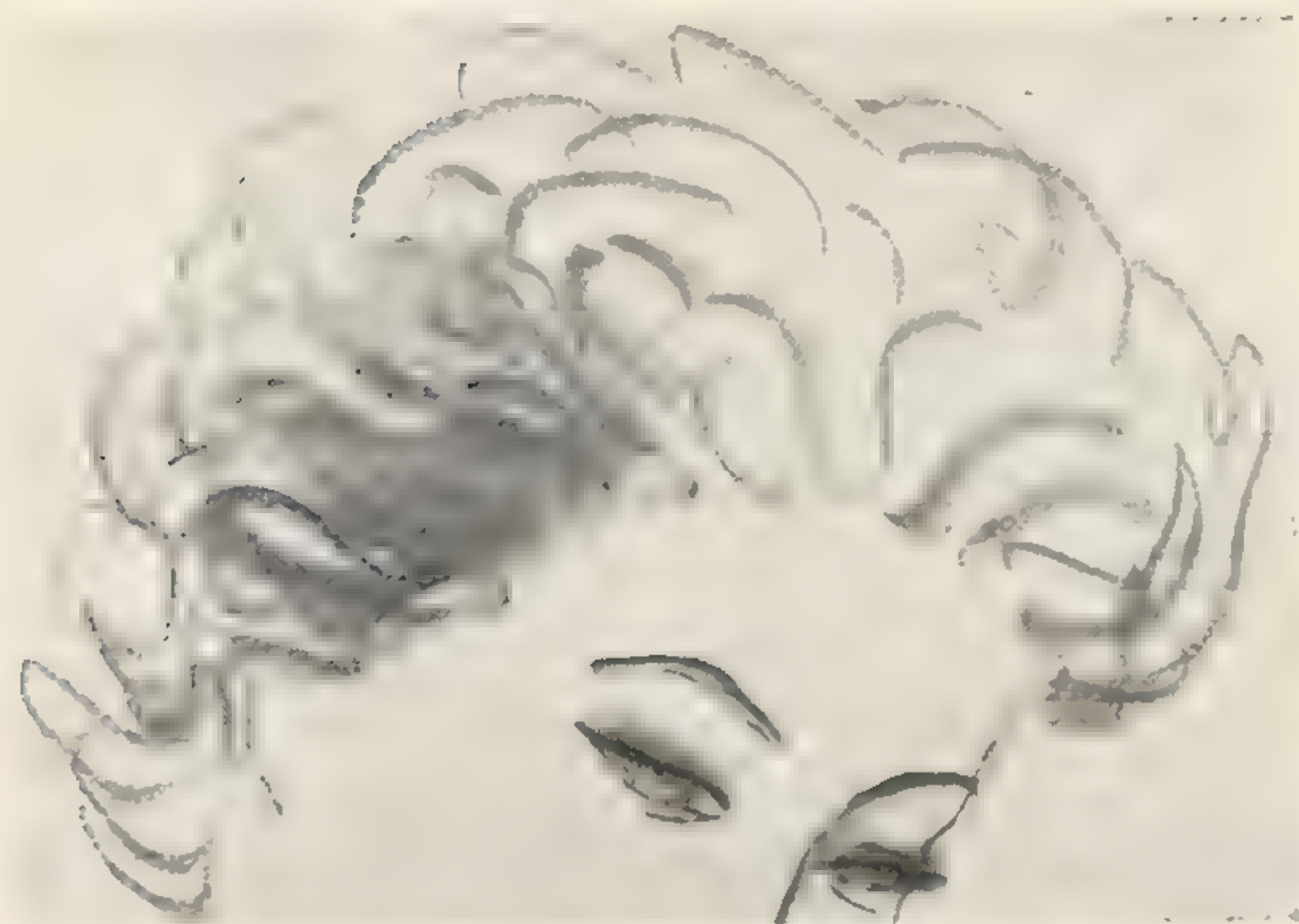
Now, as to hair: it needn't, of course, "turn grey" a minute sooner than you choose—today's hair-colouring techniques are now so good that even Old School Friends are baffled. If it is grey, it should always be soft around the face, never plastered down or set in rigid, uncompromising lines. And if the look of all-grey



LIGHT IN THE SHADOWS



NEW MAKE-UP GLASSES



REVERSE STREAKING: COLOUR IN GREY



# Remaking your age *continued*

seems too monotone, you might consider a bit of “reverse streaking” (as practised by Michel of Paris), in which streaks of the original colour—or a slightly lighter one—are feathered in at the top or sides, depending on the shape of the face. In our sketch, on the preceding page, they’re at the sides, an effect that tends to make a too-wide face seem narrower. Foundation and powder should always be on the rosy, pearly side, never yellowish or beige; lipstick, in the range of clear, pure reds (or pinky-reds, for daytime). To offset the tendency of older mouths to droop a little at the corners, the upper lip may be given the tiniest little upward fillip at the sides, when the mouth is being outlined with a brush or pencil; or, this can be done by extending the line of the lower lip upward. A downward curve to the eyebrows (often enchanting on a very young girl) should also be avoided by anyone much past the twenties. Eyebrows can be cleaned (via tweezer) from the mid-point on out, and the outer curve straightened and slightly raised with an eyebrow pencil. Several new eyebrow-pencils and mascaras are being made in a soft charcoal-grey—far more flattering, to eyes that have seen several seasons, than the heavy accent of brown or black. There’s also an eye shadow, to touch on lightly just above the lashes, in soft grey with just a hint of blue. About rouge: there’s no doubt that it can be a woman’s firmest friend or deadliest enemy, depending on how it’s used. According to most make-up experts, the proper method of application is this: Put two or three small dots of rouge on each cheek, on a direct line leading down from the outside corner of each eyeball; then, blend it lightly up and out, never down and in. When in doubt, use less. And always apply it with swift, feather-light strokes—or, as the make-up experts say, “with a light finger.”

## *gestures*

A final gesture—in the direction of gestures: there isn’t, obviously, much point to remaking your age by improving your skin, make-up, figure, and coiffure, if your way of moving, standing, and sitting clearly belongs in that row of rockers on the front porch of a summer hotel.

On these pages, Margaret Leighton, the distinguished British actress, demonstrates how gestures can enlighten your audience—for better or worse—about your age; how a woman of thirty-five, give or take a few years, can, by the way she places her hands, feet, neck, shoulders, and spine, seem either twenty-five or fifty-five. (Miss Leighton is uniquely qualified for our demonstration, since in her last London-and-Broadway hit, the double bill called “Separate Tables,” she played the parts of two women with a considerable age-spread between them.)

*Walking.* The older woman walks with her feet flat on the ground, and somewhat wide apart; her arms and handbag



WALKING

Above: older, with arms close;  
below: younger, arms free.





READING  
Left: younger; right: older.



MAKING UP  
Left: older; right: younger.



RISING FROM A CHAIR  
Above: older, push-ups; below: younger, no hands.



PICKING UP  
Left: younger, a swoop; right: older, a strain.

are kept close to the body. She is, in fact, *clutching* the handbag (this tendency to clutch at things, rather than hold them casually, is a revealing tip-off of age). The younger woman throws her head and shoulders back, has a straight spine line; her arms and her handbag swing easily at her sides.

*Reading.* The young woman seems far more relaxed—spine straight, head only slightly inclined, legs stretched out and crossed at the knees. The older woman is apt to be bent over the book, her neck hunched into her shoulders, her feet apart and planted flat on the floor.

*Making up.* The older woman leans forward tensely, holding the compact close to her face, narrowing her eyes, compressing her mouth, and seeming vaguely dissatisfied with what she sees; she dabs powder on heavily. The young woman tips her head back and holds the compact high, the puff fluffing in easy pats. It is a quick gesture, with the face relaxed, the lips slightly apart.

*Rising from a chair.* This is a real giveaway.

The older woman seems to consider the action carefully before attempting it; there may be a good deal of collecting of bag, gloves, handkerchief. Then, when she finally does rise, she's apt to give herself a little upward heave, perhaps by pushing on the arms of the chair.

The younger woman, having decided to get up, simply gets up—in one continuous, springy motion, with no support from the hands.

*Picking up.* The young woman keeps her head up, her spine straight, and bends her knees deeply, doubling up gracefully.

The older woman folds over like a collapsible chair, keeps her knees almost straight, and lowers her head; the gesture looks stiff and difficult. (It may actually *be* difficult for her to flex her knees—in which case, a few limbering-and-stretching exercises in the morning might help.)

There's another side to the medal, though, which is this:

An older woman's gestures, being more leisurely and more controlled, may often be more attractive than those of a younger woman, especially a very young woman in the coltish stage.

For example, she's more apt to wait, quietly, while a man opens a door for her or lights her cigarette—instead of springing forward and falling over her own (or his) feet. And, while she may no longer be able to rise from her chair in one fluid, effortless bound, she's also no longer liable to knock over a lamp in the process.





VOGUE PATTERN S-4854





## Six dresses in good shape for spring

Made from Vogue  
Printed Patterns



VOGUE PATTERN 9401

Here, and on the next pages: six new dress-shapes, encompassing all hours of a day (any day, now)—each to be staged and produced by its wearer, under the direction of Vogue Printed Patterns. *Far left:* New shape in town—a trompe-l'œil suit that turns into a one-piece dress at the side seams (the back is straight). Vogue Pattern S-4854, made here in cocoa silk piqué, by Maxwell. Straw Breton hat by John Frederics. Deitsch alligator handbag. *Near left:* The shape that is shaping, in essence, many of the 1958 silhouettes—the chemise with a faint touch of fit. This, with low collar, buttons, back pleats. Vogue Pattern 9352, in grey Sag-No-Mor worsted-and-silk jersey. Milch handbag. Gloves: Crescendoe. *Above:* Easy shape for all day, the straightened coat-dress with a cardigan look, drawstrung at the waist. Vogue Pattern 9401, in navy-blue silk tweed by Cheney-Frantex. Murray Kruger handbag. Jewellery, both pages, by Napier. Hats, this page, by Emme. *For back views of Patterns, sizes, yardages, see page 120.*





## Vogue Patterns *continued*

*Left:* Newest evening shape—a shape already seen at some of the smartest parties here and abroad—appearing now as a Vogue Pattern. The top is small, the belled skirt puffs up about the knees to show pretty legs. (Our January 1 issue foretold the new switch to legginess.) Vogue Pattern S-4853, in rose-printed silk shantung by Goodman & Theise; the skirt's pretty shape stiffened by Pellon. Jewellery by Trifari. Handbag by Koret. Opera pumps by Herbert Levine.

*Right:* A shape that couldn't be easier (to wear, or to make). It's a near-chemise with a little blousiness, gathered at the waist on a drawn sash that ties at back. Vogue Pattern 9405, in apricot slubbed silk by Couture. Brushed gilt bangles by Cadoro.

*Far right:* Wonderful shape here for day, late day—a cross-pollination of chemise and sheath (chemeath?), with ingeniously placed V-seams at front and back giving contoured ease. Vogue Pattern 103, here in silk surah crowded with yellow roses, by Onondaga. Mock-pearl bib and earrings by Richelieu. Koret handbag. Long kidskin gloves, by Superb. Background on all four pages: a seed mosaic by Karl Mann.

*For back views, sizes, and yardages, see page 120.*





VOGUE PATTERN 103



# GOSSIP MEMO ON TRAVEL

Norway, wrapped in snow all winter, has quantities of ski resorts. Oslo, perhaps the only capital city combining worldliness with winter sports, has an annual ski marathon restricted to members of the Cabinet, including the Prime Minister. The famous Holmenkollen ski jump, atop a hill overlooking the city, is only a half hour's train ride away. To reach the resorts spotted about the surrounding countryside is a simple matter: Rödleiva and Tryvanniskeiva, both close by, have ski lifts. Three hours distant, at Norefjell, there are two ski lifts, plenty of runs, two hotels, a ski lodge, and a youth hostel. Ringkollstua, two and a half hours by bus, and Kleivstua, one and a half hours by bus and chair lift, are two of a chain of ski lodges to which one may make an all-day trip and ski back almost to Oslo.

Geilo's ski lift runs from the railway station to the top of Geilohögda, about 3,500 feet high. Its pleasures include a splendid record of good weather from December to April, ski terrain right for people of all standards, cross-country skiing until late spring. From the nearby villages of Ustaoset and Finse, where there are good hotels, Geilo is easily accessible, prettily set in wooded downland which provides varied, interesting runs. At the largest hotels evening clothes are necessary, but not at the smaller ones. Among the after-ski charms are the steam baths which loosen the muscles after a day on the slopes.

Lillehammer, four hours by train from Oslo, in the Gudbrandsdal Valley, is splendidly prepared for visitors with fine hotels, among them, the Victoria, Lillehammer, and Oppland. There are also good shops, cinemas, a skating rink, and an open-air museum. The ski lift runs up from Stampesetta to Kanten Plateau, where some seven runs, one floodlit, head back into town. On the open, gentle slopes, beginners or moderately skillful skiers will find excellent runs well within their scope. The ski centres of Hornsjö, Sjusjöen, and Nordseter, which also has a floodlit run, are readily reached by bus or car. At Sjusjöen there is a shorter lift as well as six good hotels in the town, with dancing at several; four others and a woodsy, inexpensive youth hostel, all on the outskirts.

Italian ski resorts are creamed all over Italian mountains. In the Dolomites, the best-known and equipped is Cortina d'Ampezzo, where the 1956 winter Olympics were held and where the Savoia Hotel has, on its top, a heated swimming pool. Devoted to sports both winter and summer, Cortina's ski runs vary from gentle-gradient slopes near town to higher wooded trails. Three

aerial railways, six chair lifts, a sleigh funicular, and the new Rio Gere-Staunies tele-cabin take people to the various peaks and fields. Non-skiers play around on bob runs and skating rinks, or fan about the countryside to Pieve di Cadore, about twenty miles away, where Titian was born. (The family house still stands; a Titian hangs in the cathedral.) For after skiing, there are shops, cafés, dancing at hotels or at minuscule night clubs which stay open almost until it's time to clamp the skis back on.

Ortisei, Santa Cristina, and Selva, strung along the Val Gardena, are close to Bolzano. Ortisei, the largest place, is noted for wood carvers, offers the amenities of town life. A cable car climbs to Alpe di Suisi, where a vast, shallow saucer has a periphery of delectably simple slopes opening onto an extraordinary fifty-mile panorama. Santa Cristina, further along the valley, shines as a picture-book village with princely ski terrain. Its charm lies in tranquility, the gaiety spun around *caffé espresso* bars and two hotels which have dancing. Selva, at the valley's head, is known for superb skiing. A bucket lift, six ski lifts, and three chair lifts (the Danterceppies is one of Europe's longest) waft skiers to slopes ranging from wonderfully easy, open practice runs to harder, winding trails. At the head and foot of most every ski lift (there are about forty in the valley) are excellent bars and restaurants. Selva's shops offer marvellously inexpensive skis, boots, ski clothes, and Italian sweaters. There is the usual dancing after skiing.

## THE REMAKING OF A ROMAN APARTMENT

*Opposite:* The living room of the apartment photographed on the next two pages—as it looks after approximately six hundred years of history and a recent remaking. The building, one of a long row of ancient Roman church properties, stands on the small Island of the Tiber, so near the water that the river sounds come floating in through the windows. Its remaking, besides involving some fairly special problems (not every house has a groined arch over each room) was also, in part, a work of restoration. What was attempted was the transformation of two floors of a 14th-century house into a liveable 20th-century flat consistent with the original character of the building. That it could be done, and was, triumphantly, should give encouragement, we feel, to anyone who may currently be torn between picture window and Colonial façade right here in America. In the living room, for example, major architectural changes were limited to the addition of a fireplace, and the subtraction of partitions. A transverse iron bar, uncovered during this last operation, proved to be serving a structural purpose (it helps hold up the vaults) and could not be removed. It was painted a bright red. Under it: two Chinese chests, drawn up to a slate-topped table. Another table (foreground) was made from an old piece of marble that was found in the basement—the inscriptions are in sixteenth-century Latin. The wheel is from a Sicilian donkey cart.



# VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING







Original construction date: *circa* 1350

Part remaking, part restoration:  
the apartment as it is now  
is an imaginative example of both.

For architect Roberto de Luca, working with the apartment's new occupant, Miss Mitty Risi Lee-Brown, the upper storey presented a problem in space.

Roofed over in splendidly scaled groined arches, it was divided by great pillars into four large vaults, with two smaller ones in between. The two large vaults on the river side, their separating partition removed, became the living room; the smaller centre space was made into a hall. The two remaining vaults became bedroom and studio, respectively, separated from the hall by built-in bookcases (opposite) painted white against a dark red ground. In this way, Miss Lee-Brown, who is a professional painter, gained privacy for her work, as well as an open living area large enough for entertaining.

The advantages of the arrangement go beyond the merely practical, however, to the visual and aesthetic: in spite of its structural divisions (and partly *because* of them, as it's turned out), the entire floor has become a single, unified whole. Whitewashed walls and ceiling, tile floors waxed to a deep rosy red, and a continuously lively colour range, confirm this unity. Even the sunshine cooperates, flooding in through rose-coloured curtains to give a rosy glow throughout. Downstairs, the problems were simpler: no groined vaults, but instead, handsomely beamed ceilings. Here, kitchen and dining room are joined on the outside by a balcony over the Tiber, and guests sit down to dinner at a long, heavy refectory table.



The light comes off the river by day, from a 15th-century polychromed angel after dark.



Against the whitewashed bedroom wall, Miss Lee-Brown's collection of antique jewellery.

In the kitchen, flowered paper covers the beams, in the style of the island of Ischia.





# A ROMAN APARTMENT *continued*







RAWLINGS

## MR. AND MRS. HENRY FONDA,

a handsome, international couple, live mostly in New York.

She is the former Afdera Franchetti, a fair, green-eyed Venetian who likes skiing and symphonic music; he, apart from being an excellent actor, is an amateur painter who likes cool jazz.

Now Mr. Fonda is the star of *Two for the Seesaw*, a play by William Gibson, directed by Arthur Penn, the brother of Vogue's famous photographer, Irving Penn. *Seesaw* is a duologue—two telephones, two bedrooms, two players: Henry Fonda and a remarkable young actress, Anne Bancroft.



# A BROWNSTONE REMADE



The reshaping of the Henry Fondas' house was supervised by decorator—Mr. Fonda's collaboration included ten weeks' browsing along Third Avenue. Mrs. Fonda's contribution: ideas from Italy, and old furniture from her Venetian country house.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fonda live in a small but spacious New York house planned as an easy background for a life that involves a great deal of entertaining and travel. They keep the house open on a year-round basis, always arrange to be at home for Christmas and holidays. Remaking operations, designed by John Peacock, A.I.D., involved building a bay window in the garden wall of the ground-floor dining room, modernizing the kitchen, reflooring, and adding space and light for Mr. Fonda's collection of contemporary paintings (some, painted by him); and for Mrs. Fonda's preference for entertaining on a small, frequent scale—after-theatre supper parties, for instance: small groups, separate tables. With the drawing room (left, here), the walls were first completely stripped, mouldings and mantelpiece removed. Next, to gain an illusion of space, one wall was faced with floor-to-ceiling mirrors; the three other walls and the ceiling were painted white; the floor, covered in white vinyl tiling—partly covered again by a deep-red carpet. The colour plan: strong colours, reds, blues, black, mainly, spaced on white—electric-blue Japanese silk cushions on an almost wall-width sofa upholstered in heavy white silk; the sudden glow of paintings. To the chimney wall, faced with white Cremona marble, Mrs. Fonda plans to add an old Italian fruitwood mantelpiece. The low spoon-back chairs are of natural cane framed in black-lacquered wood. Between the windows—an endless procession of them, thanks to the mirrors: a walnut and brass writing table set with Empire vermeil candlesticks and an ivory chessboard; two trees in green tubs.







On the ground floor, the Fondas have their pale, milk-and-honey coloured dining room (shown above, left; below, right). In front of the bay window stands a small Louis XVI breakfast table, painted white and gold. The dining table, a great brass-legged disk of marble, is lighted by a soft sealed-beam spot that adjusts so that the diameter of light matches exactly the diameter of the table top. ("Kind of cosier," is Mr. Fonda's phrase for a round table.) At one point he considered painting the architectural mural himself, but decided, on reflection, to entrust it to Joseph Braswell. Beginning at the bottom of the stairs with a sleeping picture-lion, it winds up the stair well and into a spacious hall—really a room in itself—that opens into both the library and living room. (The hall, floored like a chessboard, is shown on the facing page.) In the library (above), the furniture is mainly eighteenth century and English, with two walls of pure twentieth-century bookcases and hi-fi rigs. Intramural notes: Mr. Fonda's collection of all his film and stage scripts, bound for the record; and, invisible here, the fact that his son, Peter, has certain reservations about the handsome Empire chandelier.

Remaking behind these scenes: a bay window that extends the dining room deep into a patch of city garden; an architectural mural that winds, bold and flourishing, to the top of the stairs.









## ALL-PURPOSE OMELETTE:

# The frittata

By Jon Stroup

For a good honest meal—the kind that leaves you prepared to meet your fate—it is hard to beat the *frittata*. This Italian omelette may rank somewhat lower gastronomically than the great egg dishes of France, like the Curé's omelette of tuna and carp roes for which Brillat-Savarin gives the recipe, but it has many merits, not the least of which is its ease of preparation. If you can make an omelette, you can make a *frittata*. In fact, you can probably make a *frittata* even if you can't make an omelette, because the folding-over, which for most amateurs is the tricky and sometimes catastrophic part, need not be done.

A *frittata* is served flat, looking like a thick pancake, and often snowy with grated Parmesan. Its surfaces are firm and, one hopes, not leathery. Cut into it and you should find a creamy mass of egg enclosing bits of meat, fish, and vegetables in various beguiling combinations. And if the cook has imagination there will be an interesting contrast of texture between the softness of the egg and the crispness of a nut, a crouton, or a vegetable done *à point*.

The filling may include a judicious mixture of what's in your refrigerator, or it may be freshly prepared. With vegetables, the latter course is best, I think, for when twice-cooked they are apt to lose both spirit and vitamins.

While it would probably be unnecessarily daring to serve a *frittata* as the main course of a dinner party, it will do nicely for almost any other occasion. It makes an effective appetizer cut into wedges like a pie. A delicate artichoke and almond *frittata*, for example, provides a felicitous foil for a fine, bold Chateaubriand. And at lunch or supper, a *frittata*, accompanied by a salad, a glass of wine, some cheese and fruit, makes a thoroughly satisfying meal.

### BASIC FRITTATA RECIPE

A *frittata* is usually about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick, so you must consider the number of eggs used in relation to the size of your pan. Three and four-egg *frittatas* are cooked in a pan roughly eight inches in diameter, while those of five and six eggs are cooked in a ten-inch pan. In all cases you begin by preparing and cooking the filling, whatever appetizing mélange that may be, then you let it cool while heating the skillet. This should be hot enough so that the eggs coagulate immediately on touching it, but not so hot that they scorch. Break the eggs into a bowl, and beat them with a fork for about a half minute—until they are well mixed, but still elastic in quality. Stir in the filling, using about a cupful for three eggs and two cups for six. Put olive oil in the hot skillet, allowing slightly less than a tablespoon for three eggs and slightly more for six, and tilt it so that the

oil coats the entire surface. Then pour in the egg mixture; with your left hand slide the pan back and forth so that the eggs keep moving; with the fork in your right hand lift up the eggs as soon as they have coagulated, drawing them toward the centre so that the uncooked egg can run down to the surface of the pan. In a matter of seconds the bottom of the *frittata* should be firm and the top should look like underdone scrambled eggs. Sometimes it is cooked on one side only until the eggs are set. Sometimes it is cooked on both sides. In the latter case, you place a large plate or platter upside down over the pan, then holding plate and pan closely together, you turn the pan quickly over the plate. Adding more oil to the pan, if necessary, you slide the *frittata* back into it cooked side up. When the underside is done you slide it onto a hot serving platter. The turning is really more athletic than difficult, but if it frightens you, you can finish the top by placing it briefly under a hot broiler. In any event, you cook the whole business as little as possible.

### ZUCCHINI AND HAM FRITTATA

Cut 2 slices of bread, crusts removed, into croutons roughly  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch square. Sauté these in 2 tablespoons of butter until they are golden brown and crisp. Remove from skillet and put in more butter if necessary—enough to cook one large onion, sliced, till yellow, then  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups zucchini, diced, until just tender. Stir in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup diced, cooked ham and season with salt, pepper, nutmeg, and a pinch of basil. Let the filling cool while you heat your skillet.

Break 6 eggs into a bowl and season them lightly. Beat for  $\frac{1}{2}$  minute, and stir in the filling, then cook the *frittata* according to the basic recipe. Serve it sprinkled with freshly grated Parmesan cheese to three or four.

### ARTICHOKE AND ALMOND FRITTATA

First blanch, sliver, and toast  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup almonds. Next, prepare 2 medium-sized artichokes by cutting off the stalks, removing all the tough outer leaves, and cutting off the top halves and discarding them. Cut the remaining half in two vertically, exposing the choke. Remove this with your knife and cut each part downwards into the thinnest possible slices. They will look rather like little cockscombs. Spread them out and sprinkle them all with lemon to prevent discolouration.

Melt 3 tablespoons butter in a skillet and gently cook  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons finely chopped onion until golden. Add the artichoke slices and cook for 5 minutes. Stir in 1 small clove of garlic, minced, and cook for a few minutes longer till the artichokes are just tender. Add the almonds and let the filling cool while you heat the omelette pan and stir up six eggs in a bowl, then continue as before, sprinkling with Parmesan cheese when done.

### BACON AND OLIVE FRITTATA

Cook 10 slices of bacon, diced, in a skillet until crisp and drain on absorbent paper. Cook 1 large onion, chopped, in some of the bacon drippings until transparent but not yellow. (It should have some bite to it.) Slice 20 medium-sized pimiento olives and combine them with the bacon and onion. Season the whole and let cool, while breaking six eggs into a bowl. Proceed as before.





In nectarine, calavo, coffee, raspberry. Sizes 8-16. Left, about \$30; right, about \$35.

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## *"Felicia"* (Continued from page 70)

The grandmother moved a bit forward in her chair and sat up straight as if she had swallowed a broom, "What do you mean, granddaughter? Sell? for money? we! you can't mean that, we didn't pay money for those things. Our animals give milk and eggs, fruits are from the garden, mussels from the bay—black coral the fishermen bring me because I give them medicine when they are ill—the only thing is sugar, cane sugar for candied fruits, you can't use palm sugar for that. I used to get it every year from your mother's plantation, from Java—a large round hamper of white sugar—I don't any longer. And for amber balls I have to buy everything, and gold of course, that's not from the Garden. I understand, you mean to say that we have to earn money: your debt," she whispered, and aloud again, "and for Himpies, who must go to school, yes, that is good—he has to learn a great deal and become clever. Would he want to become a doctor, do you think? Then he can have my snakestone, remember? So we'll become two tradeswomen together"—she grinned—"a tradeswoman can be proud too, can't she, granddaughter?"

*A*nd when Felicia asked why they didn't redecorate the house in the town and rent it, the old lady was even more indignant than before, "What do you mean, rent our house? for money? we? you don't mean it," but after a while she gave in again, "all right then, for Himpies, and that—"; the other "that" she didn't mention aloud, and she sighed.

The town at the outer bay was deeply moved: the poor "young lady of the Small Garden" (that's what they called her), not even twenty-five years old and left with a child to take care of all alone, a husband who had walked out on her, or she on him? and then to come here, to an old grandmother on an old neglected spice garden, and with the prices which spices fetched nowadays, they would have to content themselves with a dish of sago porridge and a fish from the bay. And then, to start a little trade, and not even be ashamed to talk about it! It would never work of course: you had to be born to a thing like that.

But after a few years the town on the outer bay had changed its tune. In that time Felicia and her grandmother had made the Small Garden into a kind of model farm: milk, fresh chicken eggs and salted duck eggs, vegetables, fruits, mushrooms could all be bought there; and pickles, preserves and mussel sauces, but those had to be ordered in advance.

The boy Himpies grew up, a pretty child, a sweet child too, healthy, content, everyone liked him. Yet he was not spoiled: he could never be found, they always had to search for him—for him and his slightly older friend, Domingoes, the son of the goldsmith and his young wife who had lived for such a long time at the Small Garden.

It seemed as if the Garden took the two children away and hid them: in all the water, the cistern, the rivers, the shallow inner bay; in all the green, the trees, the wood, the rosebushes on the hills and the forests behind the hills at the foot of the mountains—once they lost their way there and were found in the dead of night only, by a torchlight party.

They secretly crossed the river to the village and hid in the hut of the man with the blue hair to listen to the stories about his son. The fishers took them along in their proas, or they played underneath a proa on the beach—who was going to keep track of the two children?

And thus life at the Small Garden unrolled its peaceful course.

But Felicia was not peaceful: things were always tugging at her. On one side the town at the outer bay, not even so very far from the Garden but turned away from it, as if belonging to another world—over there. . . .

The town of possibilities: ships which came and went once a month—with a ship someone might arrive, someone else might leave. . . . A post office with mail coming in and going out—a letter can be sent in the mail, from one side or from the other, but there has to be an address on the envelope—

In the end the Garden won. Her clothes helped in its victory. When the French dresses, shoes and stockings were worn out, she dressed for a while in white cottons which didn't become her at all, and walked on high-heeled slippers which made her teeter; then in sarong and jacket. Not bright silk sarongs like her grandmother's: a strong yellow and brown batik sarong from Java, a white jacket without any frills, and her bare feet in low-heeled leather sandals. She cancelled the piano lessons, made the merchants come to see her when that was necessary, and only rarely went to the town at the outer bay. The garden held her, slowly enveloped her, showed her things, whispered her its secrets.

\* \* \* \*

Rain had threatened but it had stayed dry—very hot, very dark—a gleam of light from the side gallery fell on the open space in front of them where the stone foundations of the old house were standing, the one Felicia's mother had wanted to rebuild, which had started the quarrel and had made them go to Europe, had made her meet a stranger in a hotel in Nice, had made her—made her—the nutmeg trees grew close around it. . . .

The old woman leaned against the stone pillar, she had been ill, "granddaughter, I have to tell you something," and she fell silent.

"Tell me, grandma."

And then she told the story of the first spice grower, a large family with many children, who had lived in the beautiful house, "the spices fetched so much money!" with the white marble hall on the second floor ("the spice ships brought the marble from Europe, as ballast"), with the many slaves.

There had been a slave market on the island of Ternate where they went to buy them—Papua slaves were rather cheap—slaves from Bali for instance were very expensive.

The nurse of the three eldest daughters had been a slave girl from Bali, "she was so beautiful, granddaughter, everyone thought her so beautiful—including, I think, the father of my father, the father of the three girls; and that's why the mother of the girls hated her and that's why she hated the mother of the girls—the one the other—yes, that is the way things can be." And she told how the three little girls had died—all three on one day, (Continued on page 117)

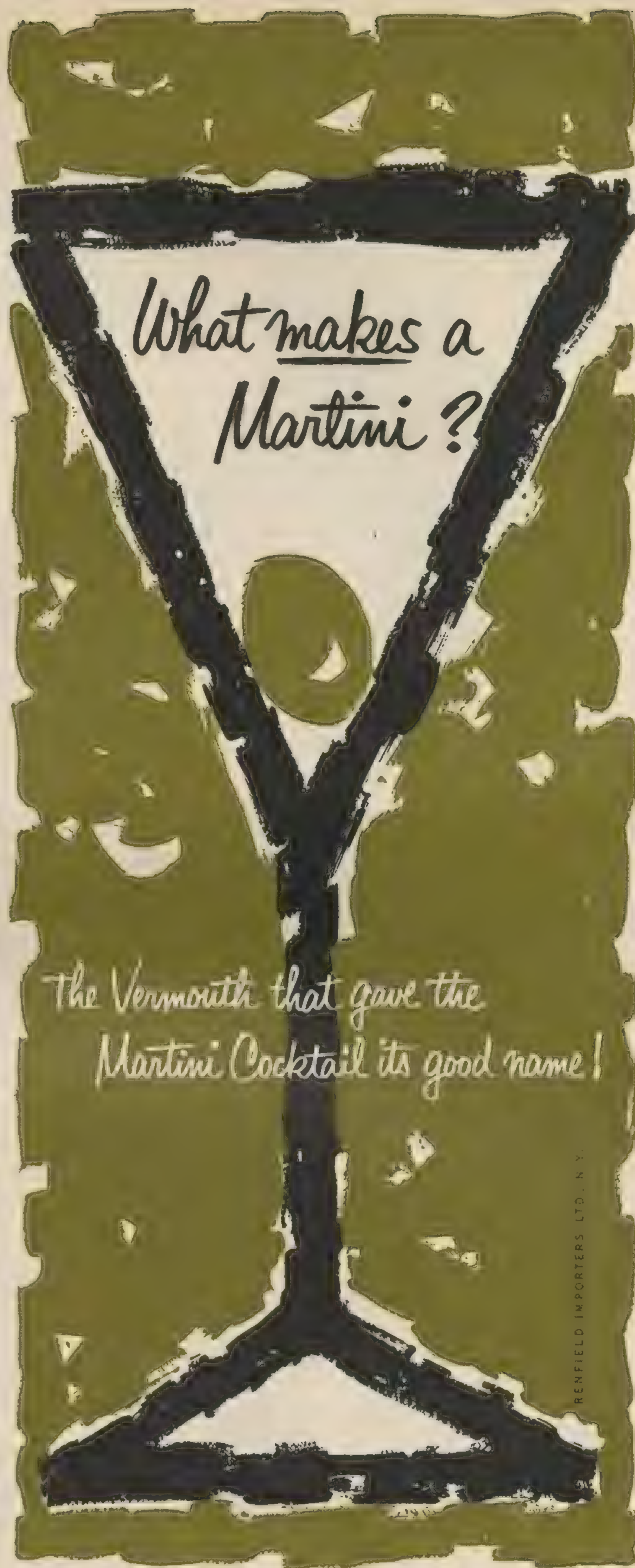




## Black and white beach news

Smart way to get there, above, in knitted cotton—an easy black top pulled down over crisp white narrow-legged pants that stop just short of ankle-level. The top, \$3.50; pants, \$6.50. Sunglasses at Purdy. Below, shortest-ever chemise—actually a sleeveless black and white striped shift, over a few inches of shorts to match. Both of knitted cotton. Shirt, \$3.50; shorts, \$4. All, by Jane Irwill. At Bloomingdale's.

JOHN STEWART



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**Addie Masters**  
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**Toni Owen**  
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## New beach shape: built in

Bathing suit of white jersey with a bare top, pleated skirt, and this secret shaping its fine figure: it's based on a Lastex yarn foundation—light, but constructive. Suit, of Arnel jersey; \$25. Bloomingdale's.



## Balance for chemiserie—the small, neat head

Basis for the loosely combed coiffure here: five or six inches of healthy shining hair, a deep curving wave at the back, some height from the brow, no part. Its timely arrival in fashion is part of the American hairdressers' on-the-spot art for one of the great American "weeks," National Beauty Salon Week, celebrated February 9 to 15. This coiffure, by National Hairdressers & Cosmetologists Association. Castlecliff "chemise beads": Saks Fifth Avenue.



# "Felicia" (Continued from page 114)

by poison? venom? "you know—venom," or from a disease? Nobody had ever known.

But once when her father was away from the island, the mother went to the police in the town at the outer bay and put in an accusation against the slave girl, and they had come for her and interrogated her in the Castle—they had examined her twice—"people were still put to torture then, granddaughter, and think, a slave." She never confessed anything, not the second time either, but she was from Bali—the Balinese are very wise, they have means against pain—perhaps she knew means against pain; after that they had to let her go.

"The people here at the Garden have been saying through all these years, whenever they talk about their deaths, that the girls were poisoned, but they weren't there, they can not know; my father said they hadn't been poisoned but he was not there either, he couldn't have known—nobody knows—oh, they should have had the poison plate from Ceram.

"The slave girl lived on for a long time, my father remembered her quite well—she had never been able to walk after it, he said, oh, granddaughter. Then she must have died, and the house came down in the bad earthquake and when it happened the mother of my father was up in the Hall with a little child (she had so many children) and they were buried under the stones and burned to death.

"My father said, 'The house is a house of ill fortune, it must not be rebuilt, but don't think about the rest any more, don't talk about it.'"

Felicia did not answer, she looked at her, "sometimes you see things, don't you, grandma?" she asked.

"Yes," the old woman answered hesitantly, "sometimes it seems . . . but . . . but not very clearly."

"Did you ever see the three girls?"

"I? I thought so, once, but it wasn't true."

\* \* \*

And the bibi. . . The bibi was small and thin, very dark;

she wore an old sarong of many colours and a solid-coloured jacket, very dark green or dark red but not black; a woven scarf over her head which she never took off.

The bibi unpacked her basket and put all its contents on the couch and on the low table in front of her: not only dried herbs, roots, bulbs, pieces of fragrant wood, little bottles with liquids, oils, the "very best" rose water, all the ingredients for amber balls, for dried scents, incense, medicines, but also shells, pieces of coral, rare stones, little jewels and curiosities, and what not.

The scales were brought; at times the grandmother tasted something for its genuineness, smelled it—it was an endless bargaining. Yet it was as if the two old women knew in advance what would be bought and how much would be paid for it. The grandmother put aside the things she was going to keep, "get me my purse, granddaughter." There was always just about the right amount of money in the purse.

Every now and again the bibi brought "jewellery" with her. Once when Himpies was going to be seven years old and ready for school, she brought the shell strings; that was the end of the bibi.

Himpies had stood closest to her, he was almost in her lap and she held her basket in front of him. On top a string of gleaming white shells was lying, "porcelana shells." Some other strings the child had taken out and wound around himself: one was wound loosely around his neck a few times, the other all around his arm from the shoulder to the hand, still another he held up with both hands—the long white string hung in an arc, almost touching the ground. He was wearing only a little white shirt and white underpants; he was very tanned, not dark brown, a light goldish brown; his hair bleached almost yellow, much too long, combed stiffly down on both sides of his face like a page boy's.

He did not look left or right, stood completely motionless, silent, with wide-open eyes, frightened and delighted at once—entranced by the splendour of

the gleaming shell strings around him.

Felicia had not noticed her grandmother, who had come through the outbuildings and the passageways, who was now standing behind the bibi in her old garden slippers, her wrinkled sarong and jacket; she looked very tired, very pale, and she stared as did Felicia at the child in his attire.

"Himpies, take those strings off! they are not yours, you must give them back immediately to the—peddler woman"; she enunciated each word distinctly and she said "peddler woman"—and that was the bibi!

The grandmother clapped her hands, called "Sjeba!", "take the child along, Sjeba, make Himpies wash his hands in the bathroom, scrub them with soap."

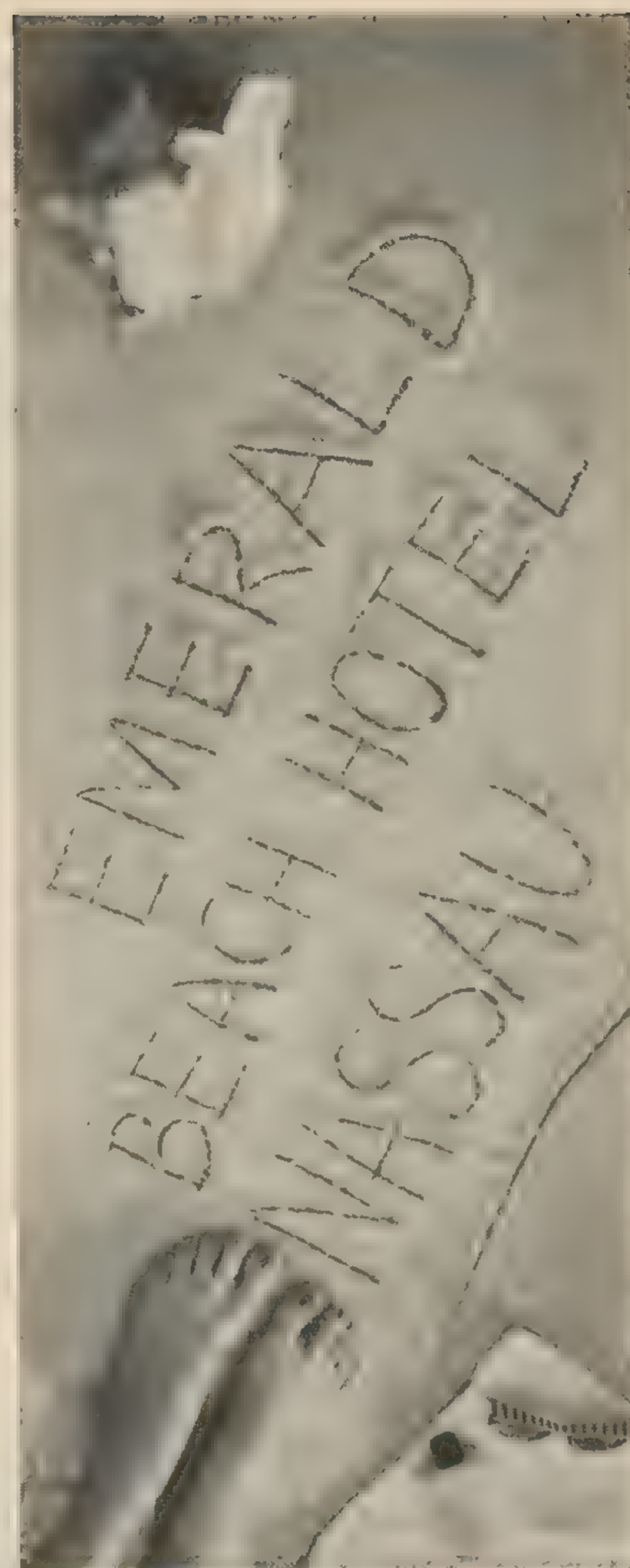
When they had gone the bibi turned to the grandmother but remained seated with the basket in her lap, "the child liked the shells, he wanted to play with them," she said with that coaxing voice in which there was yet something of a threat, "the mother of the child saw it and said nothing."

"Aren't these the shell strings for the Mountain Alfuras of Ceram, for when they go head-hunting, when they lie in wait behind trees and shoot with arrows, when so much blood flows over the earth—" the grandmother took a step toward the bibi—"and you dare bring those shell strings here, here in my garden, to me, a white woman, a Christian woman, to our child here, a Christian child who has done harm to no one—everyone has his own place, to each his own, that we know, you and I, that we have been taught. Or don't you know that yet? Haven't you been taught that?"

The bibi put her basket down beside her and got up; she stood in the garden, leaned on her knees against the edge of the gallery, turned her head toward the grandmother, stretched out both hands—"I ask forgiveness, madam," she said.

"You'd better go ask the Mountain Alfuras of Ceram for forgiveness, and the little child here," the grandmother said. But she made her come up and sit on the couch, got coffee and sweets,

*(Continued on page 118)*



Wesley T. Keenan, General Manager. See your Travel Agent, or call Circle 7-7946, New York; Whitehall 4-7077, Chicago; Superior 1-0420, Cleveland; Metropolitan 8-3492, Washington, DC; Franklin 9-7852, Miami

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It appears in the first of the month issues throughout the year, and in the fifteenth of the month issues of January, February, March, and April.

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### VOGUE'S SCHOOL BUREAU

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## "Felicia" (Continued from page 117)

took her purse and put five guilders on the table, "so that you won't have a loss today," she said, "for I am tired, I want to go and rest." She hesitated a moment, then added, "too bad that you are going on a journey, bibi, that you won't be able to come to the Small Garden any more."

And so the bibi would not come back to the Small Garden with her pearls from the sea and from the earth, the scents of "Happy Arabia" and the congealed tears of the prophet.

The old goldsmith left too; his discontented young wife finally won that battle. He took his brazier with him, his bellows, his models: a pomegranate, a snail's head and tail; and also his little son Domingoes. Himpies cried his first real tears.

And in time the letter, the one letter, also came. Felicia's father had written it: the "legal counsel" of her mother had started all over again with his search and this time he had found a trail—not America, but the south of France, on the other side of Marseille, the cheap side, toward Spain. The man himself had not been found, for he had died there some years earlier, of pneumonia. At first he had had a bit of money, the landlady at his last boarding-house had related, but that had run out—rather lonely, not very happy—a death certificate was enclosed and her father had written in the corner of his letter R.I.P., in three capitals.

The following week Felicia took Himpies to the town at the outer bay, to the schoolteacher's house where he would live. On Saturday afternoons after school he could come home with the milk proa and go back early Monday morning.

The town at the outer bay now dropped the "young" in front of her name and called her "the lady of the Small Garden"—as if that were a different person. And she was different: her husband dead, and her child no longer living with her in the same house.

Then all that had to make way for the curiosities cabinet: Himpies should have the most beautiful, the largest collection of shells in the Moluccas, for now and for later.

It even involved the bibi.

One day the steersman of the milk proa brought a piece of cloth with a shell in it, "from the bibi, a present for the boy Himpies and to ask forgiveness," he said.

The grandmother was holding it irresolutely—Himpies wasn't there—but when Felicia saw it, she cried, "Grandmother! I think that is the Amoret Harp, that is a very rare one, rarer even than the double Venus-heart," and she immediately went to look it up in a book.

It was the Amoret Harp.

The grandmother wrapped money in a piece of paper and put it in a box with some jars of candied fruits and gave it to the steersman—a present for the bibi in return, and to thank her—that was what he should say. She did not invite the bibi back to the Garden.

In that way the Amoret Harp found its place in the top drawer. From time to time, on Sundays, she opened the drawers, pointed them out and rehearsed him; and when he made a mistake she became angry.

When Himpies was still in elementary school, he began saying what he would often say later—"well, yes, certainly. Mrs. Small Garden"—and then he would look at his mother intently and smile, and the lady of the Small Garden never answered.

When he had finished grade school Felicia sent him to Java, to a secondary school in Surabaya; he again boarded with a teacher. Once a year during the summer holiday he could come home for some weeks—the voyage was a long and very expensive one.

After his third year Felicia pronounced it all nonsense, she said it would be much better if he went straight to Holland for the last two years; that way he could make friends for his university days.

He looked around him as if he were searching for something, did not know what to say—"then I won't see great-grandma again."

"No, of course not," said Felicia, "she is past eighty, that is very old for the tropics," and more softly than she usually

spoke, "we all die, Himpies, and we receive nothing for nothing."

Himpies had been gone two years when the grandmother died; she was not very ill beforehand—sometimes it seemed as if she had lost all her certainties toward the end of her life. She missed the boy and often asked for him, "Why isn't Himpies here? where is Himpies?" and then she remembered that he was studying to be a doctor, "he can have my snakestone, don't forget! When he has used it he must put it in milk to extract the venom—" she stopped suddenly—"don't you believe in the snakestone either, granddaughter?"

She could get restless; "is there still not enough money? why does Himpies have to become an army surgeon, in a uniform?" and she calmed down only when Felicia explained that there was enough money for him to study medicine properly, at the university, that he was certainly not going to become an army surgeon such as they had in the garrison in the town.

"That is good, granddaughter, don't let Himpies put on a uniform."

On one of her last days she called all the servants to her, one at a time, some people from the village too, and gave each a souvenir; afterward she said to Felicia with a little gesture, as if she were handing her something, "the Small Garden is for you, granddaughter. It isn't that I forget my son Willem—I love my son very much," and she enumerated the names of all those whom she had loved most during her life, "and my husband and my father and mother and the sisters all four, and you, sweet granddaughter, and Himpies"—it was as if she wanted to say more but she was tired and fell asleep; a little later she died, very quietly, in the night.

The work remained, and the money. Felicia worked hard, earned much. When her mother died there was more money than anyone had thought—she inherited it together with her father. The lady of the Small Garden is rich, the town at the outer bay said.

When Himpies was in his first year at the university he wrote her that he did not want to continue his studies, that he wanted to go to the military academy and become an officer—that did not take so long—he hoped that

she would approve. She jumped up and went inside to write him an answer: he should follow his own heart; and then went on to tell him little things about the Garden which she knew he would like to hear.

Felicia would not say, "there you are," and "I have been waiting for you," as her grandmother had once; she could not say anything: the tall, the handsome stranger from the hotel in Nice, in a white uniform, stepped out of the proa and came toward her—and her heart stopped beating.

But when he was close, it was someone else, with other eyes, the warm brown eyes with spots of the boy Himpies, and he said, "hello, mother, there you are, I'm finally back," and embraced her; and "hello, mother Sjeba, you're still here, how lucky that you're still here," embraced her, ran to the others, shook all their hands, patted them on the shoulders and looked at them and laughed and repeated, "here I am again," and "are you still here," and "how lucky you're still here," to all and everyone and everything, and laughed—and wanted to know all at once.

He looked at the curiosities cabinet, immediately picked out the Amoret Harp, "what's-its-name again—the bibi gave it to me."

Felicia looked at him sideways—her son in a uniform; it became him well; why in a uniform? They had never been a family of officers. And suddenly she recalled grandmother's words, "don't let Himpies put on a uniform"; would she tell him? no, it was too late now anyway.

He hummed a few notes, he couldn't get the tune out of his head, and stopped again; she always used to tell him not to hum. When he went to bed that evening he was still whistling that song. It was called "Watching from a distance." Had he been so unhappy in Europe?

\* \* \* \*

Second Lieutenant Himpies stayed at the garrison in the town at the outer bay for a year and a half (that nice major of his had arranged that). Every leave he could get, almost every Sunday, he spent in the Small Garden at the inner bay; and he brought out all his colleagues and their wives by turns. They were all young and nice—very nice, said



Himpies; very new, Felicia thought them. They called her "Mother Small," they came to sit and talk with her.

\* \* \* \*

And then Himpies was sent on an expedition, taking the place of a fellow officer who had fallen ill—just a small expedition, on Ceram, quite near; a show of strength for the Mountain Alfuras who had become a nuisance and who were going on too many head-hunts.

Felicia was on her way back from the town in the empty milk proa—there was mail, a letter from Himpies. He wrote seldom and then suddenly a very long letter about anything and everything; sometimes he numbered the paragraphs as if to keep things straight for himself.

"First: who do you think is here? I found Domingoes again, after almost twenty years. He is now our universally respected sergeant. You don't know how nice he is. On Sundays he preaches in the church for the native troops; I went once. He preaches well, a bit gloomily, like a prophet, I'd say, or is it just the solemnity of the Malayan? His text was from Isaiah, about 'the islands': 'Keep silence before me, oh islands . . . The isles saw it, and feared; The ends of the earth were afraid, Drew near, and came.'"

Second: a word about the others here, the C.O.: a captain, not so very nice, a bit standoffish, hasn't even sniffed the islands yet. The doctor (nice) does try to get a whiff of the islands; he is always fishing, collects shells and coral and is interested in

'magic.' He does not approve of this expedition at all: head-hunting means the collecting of 'soul material' for the community, the young men who are coming of age. What business is it of ours to poke our blunt Western noses into that?

The good doctor cooled off a bit the other day when we brought back a bunch of freshly cut heads from a mountain village, left behind in haste by the Alfuras who had gone still higher into the mountains.

Third: to get back to the barracks, I can't even begin to tell you about our men and about the chain gang, except for one fellow who, for heaven knows what reason, has developed a tender affection for your son Himpies.

He is a mass-murderer. A complicated story: he got some half-witted woman to put arsenic in the coffee at a wedding party because he wanted to revenge himself on one of the guests. He is a shrivelled old man now, but very strong, I think, especially his hands. When I look at him sometimes he makes me shiver.

Whenever we're in the field he takes care of me in a touching way, he would like to clear the whole jungle, look behind every tree, smooth all the paths for me, and they are quite some paths. Doesn't that put your mind at ease about me?

Fourth: I left so hastily, and there are always things we would have liked to say but somehow didn't.

Of course I should not have become an officer. I'm especially

sorry for you, because you didn't like it at all, I realize that. And for myself? Well, I'm still young, perhaps you'll help me once more.

And then there's this, to use an expression Domingoes has for it: 'I'll say I'm content.' That's what we all feel here, for the time being at least: contentment with our community, this community of men without women, fighters in our way.

At times I think of great-grandma, who said: learn to be proud—if we only remain proud people. You thought that when she said 'proud' she meant 'courageous.' Yes and now, perhaps she really meant 'proud'? there is something in that word 'proud.' And also in that she did not let us use the word 'happy,' and in the sentinels of the drawer; was it wise to throw them away, the sentinels of good fortune? Oh, there are so many things I think of, but I'm stopping.

Take good care of yourself, I'm being taken care of by many here, your loving son H."

Then there were several postscripts: "You never told me about the three girls in pink, why not? Give them my greetings, and also to Mother Sjeba and all who in my thoughts belong together in the blessed Small Garden."

The following day Felicia stayed at the Garden. Once or twice she went down to the beach, to stand under the plane trees for a moment.

Late in the afternoon a proa moored; visitors? She did not expect anyone. An officer, a high one, the major himself, the—very nice—major himself. He

greeted her, sat down as if he had come for tea, did not say much, cleared his throat—he had come to say, to his great regret, a message had been received, her son had been shot from an ambush by a Mountain Alfura, with an arrow—he was wounded, badly wounded—

"You can tell me."

"Yes," he said then.

"When?" she asked, as if that made any difference.

"Yesterday afternoon," said the major. The message had come by a courier proa, there were no details yet.

When the major got up she walked with him to the proa, thanked him for coming in person; after standing awhile at the inner bay she turned around, climbed up the stairs, through the side gallery and to the outbuildings.

Night had fallen.

In the large kitchen the hanging lamp was lit and some wall lamps, and it was crowded: all the servants, also the seasonal spice pickers, the rowers were there, and the women; from the village a raft was crossing with still more people—like the night she had arrived at the Small Garden with the child Himpies, and they had come to see him—thus they now came again for the one who was not there, and to wake with her through this night.

Now, as then, serious and silent and keeping in the background: because they did not matter, nor did Felicia; it was the child—her child, their children, the children of men—in life and in death.

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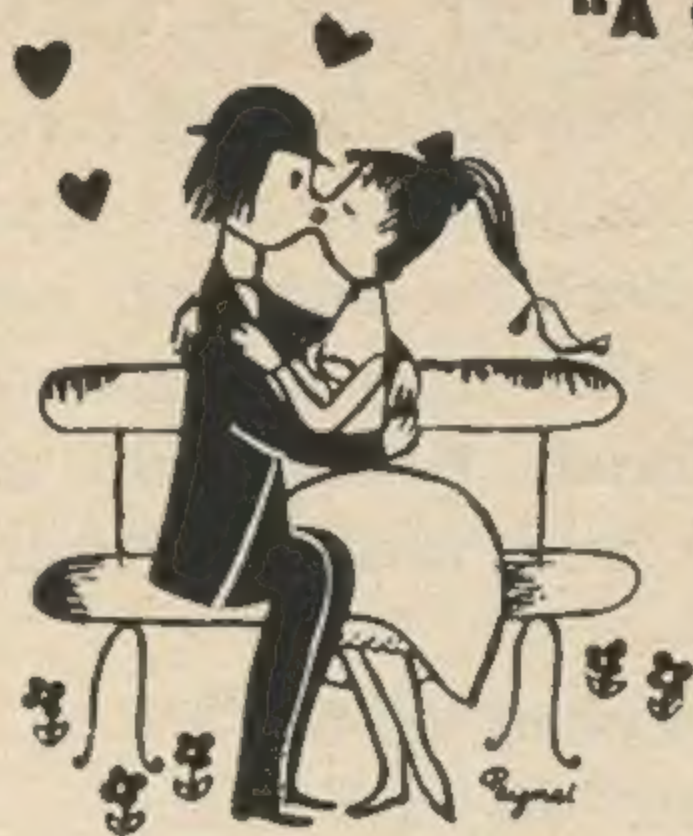
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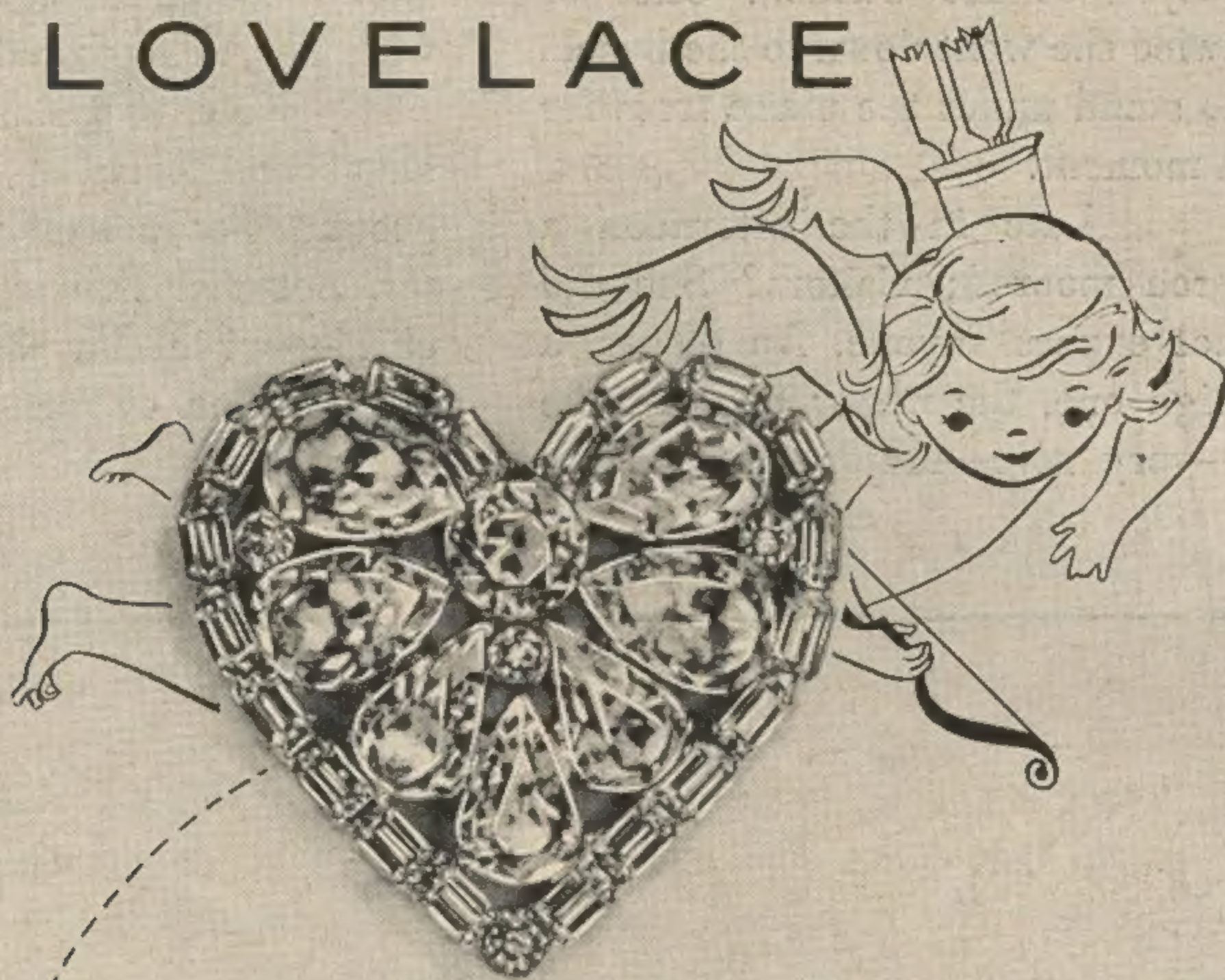


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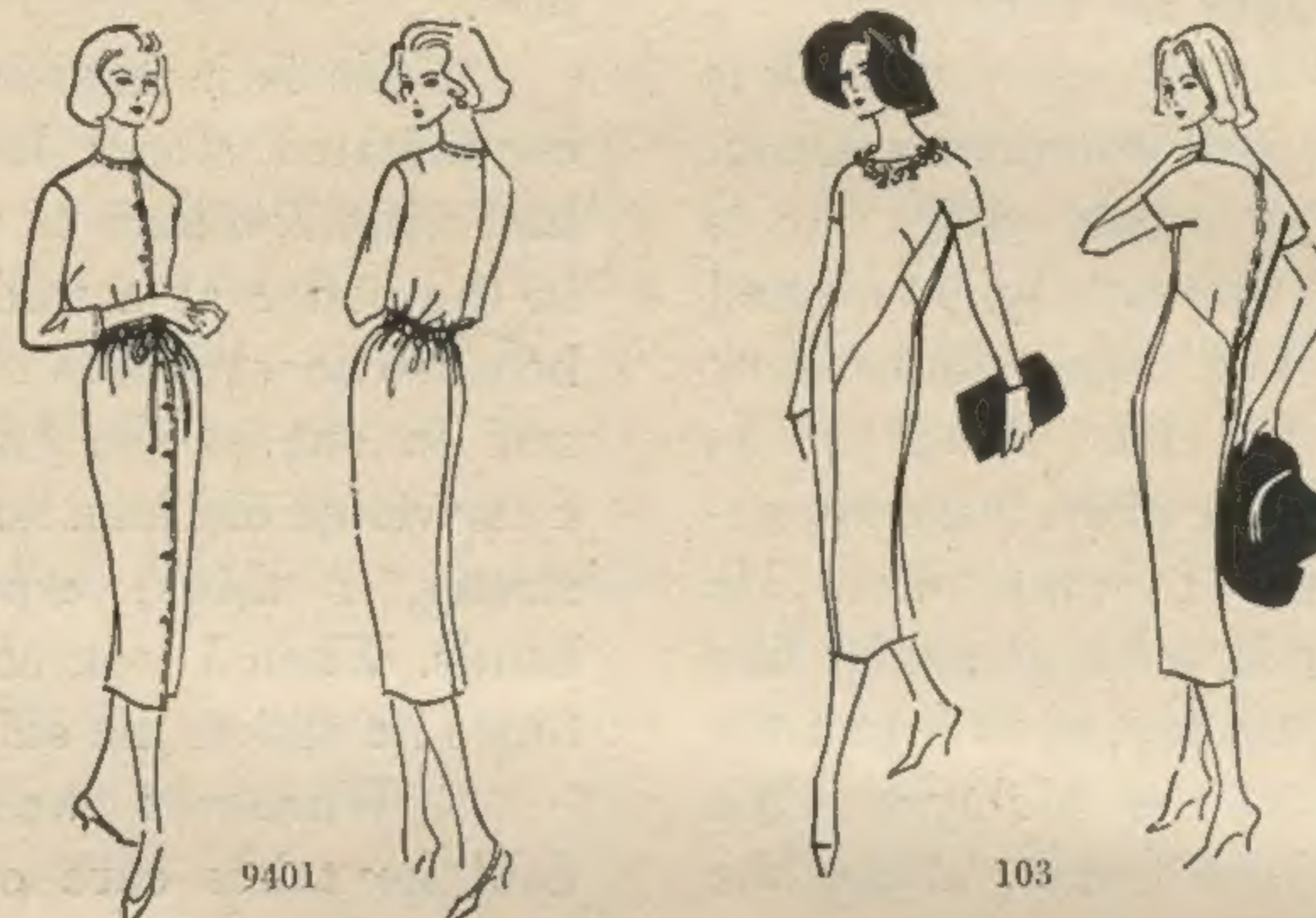
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(Back views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns on pages 100-103)



Above, left: Suit-dress, Vogue Pattern S-4854, sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). For size 14, 4 1/4 yards of 39" fabric without nap. Price, \$1.50.  
Above, right: Faintly fitted chemise with collar and buttons, Vogue Pattern 9352, in sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). Size 14 (with 3/4 sleeves) requires 2 7/8 yards of 54" fabric without nap. Price, 75 cents.



Above, left: Drawstring coat dress, Vogue Pattern 9401, in Misses sizes 10 to 16 (31 to 36); also Junior sizes 11 to 15 (31 1/2 to 35). For size 14, 3 yards of 45" fabric without nap. Price, 75 cents.  
Above, right: Shaped chemise, Vogue Pattern 103, in sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). For dress in size 14, 2 5/8 yards of 39" fabric without nap. Included here: pattern for a barrel-backed jacket. Price, \$2.50.



Above, left: Chemise (here chemisier, without its drawstring), Vogue Pattern 9405, Very Easy to Make, in sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). For size 14, 2 7/8 yards of 39" fabric without nap. Price, 75 cents.  
Above, right: Short evening dress, Vogue Pattern S-4853, in Misses sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38); in Junior sizes 11 to 15 (31 1/2 to 35). For size 14, 4 1/2 yards 39" fabric with or without nap. Price, \$1.

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